

ANY SIMILARITY TO  
PERSONS  
LIVING OR DEAD  
IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



An Anthology  
of Comics by  
**DREW FRIEDMAN &  
JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN**

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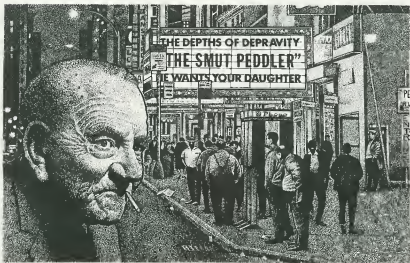


ANY SIMILARITY TO  
**PERSONS**  
**LIVING OR DEAD**  
IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

by **Drew Friedman and Josh Alan Friedman**

**TO OUR READERS:**

Lest anyone think otherwise, this book is satirical. This book is not meant to be taken as literally true. The very title is ironic. If you need further clarification, call us.



Agoura, California

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**Dedicated to our mother and father**



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# INTRODUCTION

In retrospect, it's amazing that only one of the subjects (targets might be a more apt word) of the Friedman Bros' scrutiny has engaged legal counsel and sued. Even more amazing, Josh, the scenarist when the two collaborate, managed to slip through the subpoena process, leaving Drew and Heavy Metal magazine to bear the brunt of Joe Franklin's \$20 million ire. But more on that later.

Of course it helps that some of the cherished American icons that the Friedman Bros savage have checked out years ago. Would Drew be so free with his ratat dots and caustic bubbles if Tor Johnson, the four hundred pound zombie/wrestler, was still riding the subways trying to find Asar Place. Drew's snip? Would William Frawley, Fred Mertz to a generation of TV junkies, stand still for his characterization as an aristocrat, dose dealer, cadaver poddler, and nose-picker? Could Drew have gotten away with depicting Arthur Godfrey as a geek freak if that wonderful, talented, warm human being was still around, strumming his ukelele? Is this the bitter fruits of free speech? Is nothing sacred anymore?

Obviously not to these two snot-nose kids from Long Island. Of course, their sardonic cunning is blueprinted right into their DNA. Their father, Bruce Jay Friedman, almost single-handedly spearheaded the black humor movement of the '60s in a series of novels, plays, and dirty magazine articles. He has since gone on to attack the impressionable minds of our youth through the silver screen. Growing up in this anomic environment, it's no wonder that the young Josh and younger Drew would have exhibited antisocial behavior as early as the playpen. As soon as he learned to hold a pencil, Drew would compulsively draw caricatures of his teachers, naked and in lewd poses. Not in a pad but on the classroom desks! While Josh never exhibited any talent for drawing, he and Drew were warping their minds on subversive literature of all sorts, from *Mad* magazine, *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and underground comix, to *Screw* magazine, where Josh actually later served an editorial apprenticeship under slummeister Goldstein and still pens a column to this day!

Of course, the Friedman Bros might still be peddling their misanthropic musings to puny little offset broadsides and fanzines if it wasn't for a grand deception that rivaled the Clifford Irving/Howard Hughes hoax. I'm sorry to say that I was one of the unwitting dupes of this sordid episode.

In 1980, I was the editor of *High Times* magazine and the Friedman Bros came up to our offices, looking for work. They were both clean-shaven and well-dressed polite young men. Josh would even stand up and tip his cap when my secretary entered the office. They told me that they were starting out and eager to crack the national magazine marketplace and that they wrote and drew cartoons that stood in stark contrast to the vile and sordid work of the Crumbs and S. Clay Wilsons of the underground. Drew opened his portfolio.

There was a beautiful series of portraits of birds, allegedly done from life in Central Park. He had a number of etchings illustrating Dante's Inferno that rivaled Dore's and Blake's. The portfolio

ended with a series of placemats, each one featuring a different President of the United States, along with his entire Cabinet. I commissioned them on the spot.

Of course, being at the helm of one of the top national magazines is no easy task. As most busy executives, I delegated the responsibility of dealing with the Friedman Boys to the art department. In retrospect, that was a mistake. Three years later, when our legal department alerted me to possible litigation from Ron Yubba, an ex-Cardinals outfielder whose "ugly baseball card" had been touted as a cure for premature ejaculation in one of the Friedman Bros' strips, I was shocked. I immediately went to the *High Times* Library and perused our back issues.

What I saw appalled me. Instead of a series of educational cartoons of the dangers of drug abuse, the Friedmans had managed to sneak in strips that parodied and lampooned some of our greatest celebrities from the world of show business. There were scathing attacks on Wayne Newton, Bob Hope, Andy Griffith, William Frawley, and Crosby, Stills and Nash. But all these strips paled next to a three-page abortion called "The Joe Franklin Story." I needn't go into detail here since the strip is reproduced in this book; suffice it to say that I was very embarrassed the next time I appeared on Joe's late-night, well-respected talk show to plug my new hockey book, *Thin Ice* (available in paperback from Dell Books.)

It was during a lull in the taping that Joe pulled himself up in his chair and leaned over towards me. "Did you see that cartoon strip that *High Times* ran on me by those Friedman boys?" he asked. As editor of *High Times* I sheepishly admitted that I hadn't seen it until it was too late. "What do they have against me, those guys? I'm good friends with their father. [Our research department informs me that this is a total falsehood — ed.] What are these guys like? Do you have Josh's home phone number?" Again, I was chagrined to confess that I had no way of getting in touch with Josh.

"You know, Josh owes me. I saved his life. A couple of the boys, you know what I mean, saw that thing they did on me in *High Times* and they wanted to get him. But I called them off. He owes me. You sure you don't have his home number?"

Just then, it was time for a Martin paint commercial and I was off the hook.

You'd think that the Friedman Bros would let know enough alone but I guess that scurrilousness knows no bounds. Drew repeated his portfolio trick on Julie Simmons-Lynch, editor of *Heavy Metal* magazine, and his Presidential placemats got him steady work at that respected national magazine. And once again, he went after genial talk-show host Joe Franklin, in a cowardly strip that purported to show a shrinking Joe Franklin getting laid off by his local affiliate TV executives. Joe had reached the limits of his tolerance and his attorney moved swiftly and decisively, suing Drew and *Heavy Metal* for \$20 million in actual and punitive damages.

Although the status of his lawsuit is still in doubt, perhaps Joe's courage will stand as an example and stop the floodgate of Friedman character assassinations. I would like to commend Fantagraphics Books for chronicling the Friedman work, rather than ignoring it and hoping it would go away. An informed citizenry is America's greatest weapon in the arsenal of democracy. Free speech is wonderful in theory, but it doesn't give Drew Friedman the license to yell "Joe Franklin is shrinking" in a crowded theatre. That's going a bit too far. And I would be happy to testify to that point in a court of law. Joe, call me, you have my number.

Larry Sloman  
Executive Editor  
National Lampoon Magazine

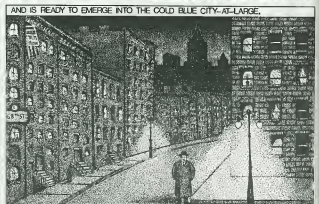
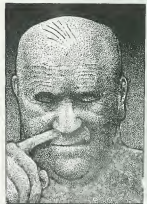
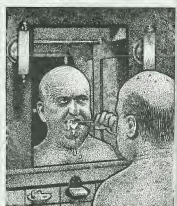
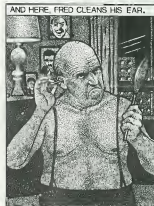
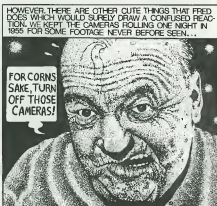


**FRED  
CLEANS  
HIS  
EAR**

Nostalgic Television Comics  
Presents

# FRED'S NIGHT OUT

ART: DREW FRIEDMAN  
SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN



THE DESLIT CAMERAS FOLLOW FRED UPDOWN ON THE A TRAIN...



FRED CHECKS HIS TRAPS IN HARLEM AND COLLECTS MONIES OWED...



HE POPS IN ON HIS NUMBERS RACKET TO COLLECT HIS DUE...



A HALF-TON SHIPMENT OF PURE IZMIRIAN HEPION ARRIVES AT THE DOCKS, AND FRED IS THERE TO WELCOME IT...



AT POTTERS FIELD, FRED PAYS OFF THE SUPERVISOR FOR A TRUCKLOAD OF UNIDENTIFIED DERELICTS TO SELL TO GERBER BABY FOODS...



WITH BUSINESS ASIDE, IT'S TIME TO RE-LAX. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SURFING AT MIDNIGHT ON THE HUDSON RIVER...



FRED LAYS SOME BASS FOR BIRD AT THE HALF NOTE...



FRED PICKS A LULU AT THE SATIN BALLROOM



IN ORDER TO COLLECT A HEFTY INSURANCE, LANDLORD FRED CONTEMPLATES ARSON...



AT 4 A.M. FRED SOMEWHAT JERKY DOUSES A DRAWER FULL OF ETHEL'S PEDS WITH GASOLINE, AND SETS THEM AFLAME...



WITH RACKET PIVOFFS AND INSURANCE BENEFITS, FRED WILL SUPPLEMENT HIS INCOME AS A LEADING TV CHARACTER ACTOR. PIMP, NOSE PICKER, ARSONIST, ETHEL-FUCKER—CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL, BUT FRED IS TRULY A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.





# STAR DISSECTIONS

## HONEYMOONER

THE SIMPLETON WAS WITNESS TO THE EVENTS THAT FATEFUL DAY.

HEY, RALPH... YA GOT ANY DUKKEE SAUCE?

IN THE ICE BOX!

NOW I'M WARNIN' YOU, ALICE... ONE OF THESE DAYS... BANG! ZOOM!

HAR HAR HAR DE HAR HAR!

HIS TEMPER WAS NOT TO BE TOYED WITH.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I MERELY LAUGHED AT YOU, RALPH.

ALICE!

HUH?

RALPH... DON'T!

SOUND EFFECT PANEL\*

**BANG!**

ZOOOOOOOM

MOON

END

# THE COMMIES ARE COMING! THE COMMIES ARE COMING!



PRESENTING...

# "THE JOE FRANKLIN STORY"

SCRIPT BY JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN

A HOLLYWOOD FAIRY TALE WHERE FACT & FANTASY COLLIDE

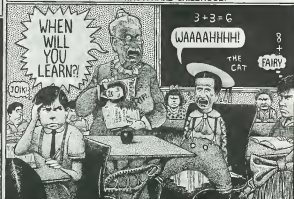
THE BOY WAS SMALL AND FRAIL, AND WAS FREQUENTLY BEATEN BY GANGS OF ITALIAN YOUTHS ON THE STREETS OF THE BRONX.



JOE'S FATHER, A MEAT PACKER, OFTEN USED HIS BOY'S HEAD TO SWAB UP ENTRAILS OFF THE FLOOR AT THE PLANT.



AND IN SCHOOL, HIS COPIES OF PHOTOPLAY WERE ALWAYS CONFISCATED BY THE TEACHER. IT WAS A HARD CHILDHOOD.



BUT JOE WOULD ESCAPE TO THE LOCAL PICTURE SHOW EVERY AFTERNOON, WHERE HE LOST HIMSELF IN THE ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, LAUGHED AT KEATON AND LLOYD, AND BECAME SEXUALLY MESMERIZED BY MARY PICKFORD AND THE GISH SISTERS...



THE MOVIES GAVE HIM NEW COURAGE WHEN HE EXITED TO THE STREET...



BUT THE END RESULT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.



WHEN JOE FRANKLIN RIPEDED INTO MANHOOD IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE HOME AND SEEK HIS FORTUNE.



THE JOURNEY TO HOLLYWOOD TOOK THREE MONTHS. IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THREE DAYS, BUT JOE WAS INSISTENT ON USING THE CLAUDETTE COLBERT METHOD OF TRAVEL...



IT WAS A HARD CROSSING, BUT THE REAL STRUGGLE HAD ONLY BEGUN. JOE SCREENTESTED FOR EVERY B-MOVIE IN TINSLETOWN.





THE LATIN-LOVER LOOK WAS COMING INTO VOGUE, AND JOE QUICKLY ADOPTED THE IMAGE. MANY AN AFTERNOON HE SPENT IN SCHWAB'S WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED. . .



YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, SON

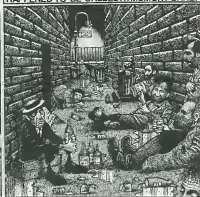
ALAS, THE MOVIES DIDN'T WANT HIM, BUT SHOW-BIZ WAS JOE'S ONLY LOVE. HE ATTEMPTED A CHAPLINE-SQUE PIE-THROWING ROUTINE IN THE WANING YEARS OF VAUDEVILLE, BUT... ALAS.



HIS CAREER AS A CROSBY-INFLUENCED CROONER WAS ALSO SHORT-LIVED.

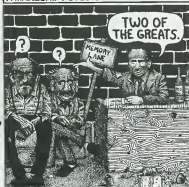


DOWN ON HIS LUCK, JOE RETREATED INTO A BACK ALLEY OF SKID ROW. THE ALLEY JUST HAPPENED TO BE CALLED... MEMORY LANE.



THE ODD THING ABOUT MEMORY LANE WAS THAT IT ONLY ATTRACTED THE LOST, DOWNTRODDEN LEGIONS OF SHOW BUSINESS-PAST: FORGOTTEN SILENT SCREEN ACTORS, BURLESQUE COMEDIANS, HACK WRITERS ON THE OUTS, SINGERS WHO HAD LOST THEIR VOICES, AND ALCOHOLIC CARRY-BARKERS. TO NAME JUST A FEW...

MANY OF THESE FORLORN CREATURES HAD BEEN JOE'S CHILDHOOD HEROES. HE QUICKLY TOOK TO INTERVIEWING THEM IN A MAKESHIFT STUDIO.



THE REMARKABLE FRANKLIN INTERVIEWING TECHNIQUE WAS FORMULATING. BIG PROSPECTS WERE IN THE AIR. AUDIENCES BEGAN ATTENDING JOE'S BACK ALLEY INTERVIEWS, AND IN 1946, THE RADIO AFFILIATES WERE HOT ON HIS TRAIL.



NEW YORK, 1947. JOE FRANKLIN'S MEMORY LANE GOES ON THE AIR. FORMAT AND TITLE INTACT. THE SAME GUESTS ARE DREGGED UP FROM THE ALLEY. JOE'S CAREER TAKES OFF!



ALWAYS THE INNOVATOR, JOE WAS THE FIRST RADIO PERSONALITY TO BRING BACK OLD, FORGOTTEN RECORDS FROM WORLD WAR I AND THE 20'S. BY CALLING THESE JUNK-SHOP 78'S "RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS," HE SINGLEHANDEDLY CREATED THE RARE-RECORD MARKET. THIS CAME THE CONCEPT OF "OLDIES"... AND THE DAWN OF NOSTALGIA.



IN 1953, JOE'S FORMAT MOVED TO TV. MEMORY LANE WAS THE FIRST TALK SHOW EVER. THE CYNICS SAID A TALK SHOW WOULD NEVER WORK ON TV, BUT JOE'S STAR PROVED A NATURAL TRANSFORMATION TO THE TUBE. THE SHOW BECAME A HIT...



AND WITH THE ADVENT OF TV CAME THE ADVENT OF NOSTALGIA-AND JOE WAS THE FATHER OF NOSTALGIA HIMSELF. HERE WERE TWO-REELERS, SILENT FILM CLIPS, TALKIE SHORTS, OLD SINGERS, AND GREATS FROM THE PAST-BACK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DECADES, TO BE INTERRUPTED BY JOE.



YOUNG ACTRESSES LINED THE BLOCK, TRYING TO FLOCK THEIR WAY ONTO THE SHOW.



JOE GAVE THE VERY FIRST EXPOSURE EVER TO SUCH STARS AS BARBARA STREISAND, WOODY ALLEN, AND ROBERT REDFORD. ONCE THEY MADE IT THOUGH, THEY NEVER CAME BACK.



BUT JOE WAS UNDAUNTED BY THIS. HE HAD OTHER SCORES TO SETTLE. JOE FOUGHT FOR THE VINDICATION OF UNCLE DON, A KIDNIE RADIO HOST OF THE 40'S WHOSE CAREER WAS RUINED WHEN HE ALLEGEDLY MURDERED... THAT OUGHTA HOLD THE LITTLE BASTARDS, THINKING HE WAS OFF THE AIR.



THAT OUGHTA HOLD YOUR INFECTED ASSHOLE-BRAINED VIEWERS, YOU SCUMBAG-SUCKING SHITHEAD.



...HITLER BIOGRAPHERS...

WHAT CAUSED HIM TO DO THOSE THINGS WAS IT MENTAL?



AND PEOPLE OF UNCERTAIN TALENT AND BACKGROUND, WITH NO APPARENT REASON FOR BEING ON.



WE'RE NOT OFF THE AIR YET!

SLACK-JAWED, JIZZ-GURGGLING, COME-DRUNK FAGGOT.



THE SHOW ALSO DIVERSIFIED INTO OTHER AREAS, WITH SPORTS FIGURES.

WE HAVE FOUR-TIME KARATE CHAMPION BRUCE TENSER. BRUCE, I'LL JUST SAY A NAME, YOU GIVE A RESPONSE, FROM THE KARATE STANDPOINT, BRANDO.

WELL FIRST OF ALL JOE, LET ME JUST SAY I COULD LITERALLY BASH OUT YOUR BRAINS WITH ONE QUICK TWIST OF MY THUMBS. I COULD FLIP YOU THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A PANCAKE IF I WANTED TO, OR KICK OUT YOUR SPLEEN, OR...



BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, ANYONE FROM THE GOLDEN ERA OF HOLLYWOOD WHO STILL WALKED THE EARTH WAS BOOKED.

WE HAVE ERROL BAGGOTT HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ONE OF THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD LEGENDS. THIS IS ONE OF THE TWO OR THREE GREATEST PROFILES IN PARAMOUNT'S HISTORY.



IN 1960, A MAN ACTUALLY DIED ON THE AIR. IT WAS LATER DETERMINED THAT THE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS 'EXCITEMENT' FROM BEING ON JOE'S SHOW. JOE HANDLED IT WITH HIS USUAL APLOMB.



YES, THERE WAS A LEVEL OF JOURNALISTIC INQUIRY UNPRECEDENTED IN MODERN COMMUNICATIONS. GIVE HIM A BOTTLE OF SODA. HE PRAYS. SHOW HIM A CAN OF PAINT. HE SALUTES. SAY SOMETHING FASCINATING. HE INTERRUPTS.



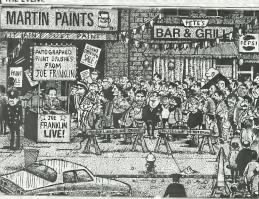
JOE HAD MOVED TO WOR-TV IN 1963, AND THE SHOW WENT ON AND ON. NO ONE COULD ESCAPE IT. IT WAS SHOWN IN THE MORNING, AND EVERY EVENING AFTER THE LATE MOVIE, 10 TIMES A WEEK.



A PROLIFIC MAN, JOE HAS AUTHORED FILM HISTORIES, MEMORY LANE FAR BACK AS 1953. HE PENNED THE FIRST MARTIN MONROE BIOGRAPHY AND RELEASED THE FIRST GROUNDRECKING PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 'SCARED STRAIGHT' PROGRAM AT RAHWAY PRISON.



ON THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1978, JOE FRANKLIN CUT THE BLUE RIBBON AT THE GRAND OPENING OF MARTIN PAINTS ON 9TH AVENUE. HE AUTOGRAPHED FREE PAINT BRUSHES FOR THOSE WHO ACTUALLY CAME TO THE EVENT.



CALL HIM A VAST AND GREAT AMERICAN RESOURCE. OR CALL HIM THE EPITOME OF TELEVISION'S WASTELAND. WHATEVER YOU CALL HIM, JOE FRANKLIN IS THE GRAND WIZARD OF THE LATE-NIGHT IDIOT BOX. AS OF 1980, HE HAD CONDUCTED 15,000 INTERVIEWS, SEEN 67,000 GUESTS. THE FRANKLIN INTERVIEWING TECHNIQUE IS TAUGHT IN THREE COLLEGES. THE SHOW BOASTS MILLIONS OF NEW VIEWERS WITH ITS NATIONAL CABLE HOOKUPS. TV PERSONALITIES FIZZLE INTO OBLIVION. TALK SHOW HOSTS EXPIRE FROM THE AIR LIKE FIREFLIES. BUT JOE, THE PIONEER OF THEM ALL, STILL REMAINS. THE MAN WHO FOUNDED NOSTALGIA, BEFORE IT'S TIME. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE HIM, HE'S EVERYWHERE. HE MAY RETIRE FROM TV SOMEDAY, BUT NEVER FROM NOSTALGIA. AND SO, THE GHOSTS OF BYGONE SHOW-BIZ RISE UP IN TRIBUTE...

FOR MEMORY LANE WAS THE SPARK THAT KEPT THEM ALIVE...



# STAR DISSECTIONS

## GAME SHOW HOSTS WALK AMONG US!

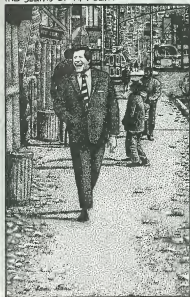
JACK NARZ WALKS THE STREETS OF DETROIT.



BILL CULLEN WALKS DOWN TIMES SQUARE.



WINK MARTINDALE WALKS THROUGH THE SLUMS OF HARLEM.



BOB EUBANKS WALKS IN MADISON, WISCONSIN.



BOB BARKER WALKS THROUGH GOLF COURSES IN PALM SPRINGS.



APPLAUSE



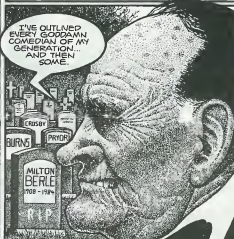
# STAR DISSECTIONS

FUTURE TELEVISION PRESENTS

## BOB HOPE'S 100th BIRTHDAY



BY THE YEAR 2003, BOB HOPE WILL HAVE BROUGHT JOY AND LAUGHTER TO THE WORLD FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.



THROUGH THESE YEARS OF COMEDY, HIS FUTURE BUSINESS INVESTMENTS HAVE GAINED HIM CONTROL OVER MOST OIL AND LAND HOLDINGS IN THE USA, AS WELL AS MINUTE MAID.



THE NATION PAYS HOMAGE WITH A TWENTY-MEGATON SALLITE AND DETONATES A HYDROGEN BOMB ON NATIONAL TELEVISION.



THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMENCES, AND THE AUDIENCE DELIGHTS TO SOME OF THEIR FAVORITE HOPE ROUTINES.



A MOMENT OF SOBER REFLECTION ARISES WHEN BOB IS GIVEN A TROPHY FOR WINNING MORE AWARDS THAN ANY MAN IN HISTORY.



BOB'S NEXT GAG BORDERS ON LEWDNESS, BUT FEW ARE OFFENDED IN 2003.



THE TIRELESS COMEDIAN DEFIES AGE, EXHAUSTION, AND SENILITY, AS WE FOLLOW HIM ON DECK THE USS LEUTENANT GALLERY TO INSPECT A NEW CROP OF FIGHTER PLANES.



AND SO WE COME TO THE END OF ANOTHER BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL. BUT IN THE YEAR 2103, OUR DESCENDANTS CAN LOOK FORWARD TO BOB HOPE'S BICENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY BASH PRESENTED HOLOGRAPHICALLY THROUGH THE GALAXY.



**CRAZY DEADIE**

AMERICAN  
EXPRESS

VISA



**HIS PRICES WERE INSANE!**

FORTUNATELY, SO WERE SOME OF HIS  
CUSTOMERS.

**SALE!**

**SALE!**



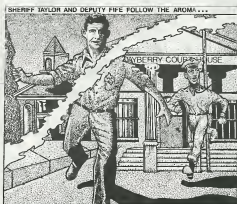
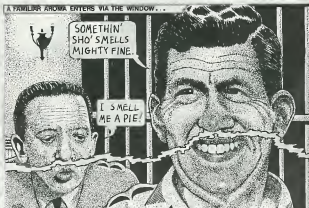
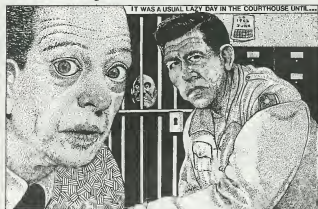
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE—ALL EQUIPMENT MUST GO

NEWEST AND FINAL LOCATION AT POTTER'S FIELD

COME PISS ON HIS GRAVE

©1980

# The Andy Griffith Show.



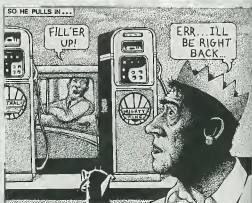
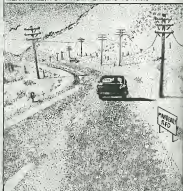
AW SHUCKS AIN'T BEA, YOU' ONE LA' OLD SLICE?



THE BOYS RETURN TO THE OFFICE...



MEANWHILE, A STRANGER ENTERS TOWN...



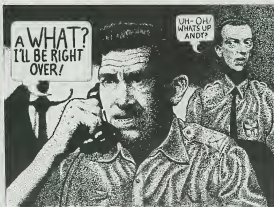




THE SHERIFF DELIVERS A MAYBERRY WELCOME TO THE STRANGER...

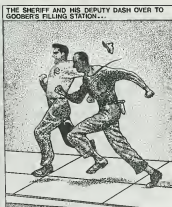


WHAT BUSINESS WOULD YOU BE HAVIN' HERE?



A WHAT? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

UH-OH! WHAT'S UP ANDY?



THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY DASH OVER TO GOOBER'S FILLING STATION...



I JUST WANT SOME GAS.

WE DON'T RIGHTLY CARE FOR YOUR KIND IN THESE PARTS!



THAT'S A PISS-POOR ANSWER SMART BOY. GET DAHELL OUT DAT CAR!



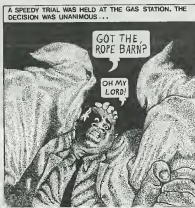
SHERIFF TAYLOR DOES HIS DUTY...

DINT YOU HEAR ME BOY? AH SAID GET OUT DAT GOD-DAMN CAR! WHAT IN GODS NAME?



SUDDENLY, AUNT BEA STRIKES

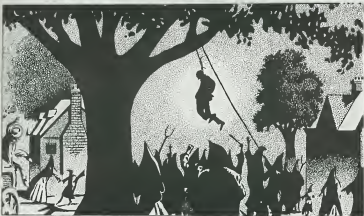
crack



A SPEEDY TRIAL WAS HELD AT THE GAS STATION, THE DECISION WAS UNANIMOUS...

GOT THE ROPE BARN?

OH MY LORD!



LATER THAT EVENING...



CAN WE HAVE SOME A TOPIE NOW, AUNT BEA?

END

**TOR  
LIKE  
OATMEALS**

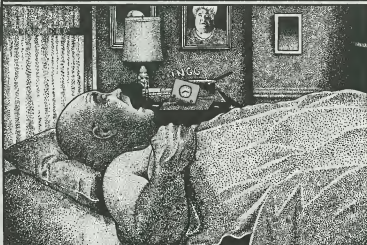


# TOR JOHNSON

## AT HOME

A VISIT BACK TO 1959 HOLLYWOOD...

BELOVED HOLLYWOOD CHARACTER ACTOR TOR JOHNSON, EMBARKING ON A NEW DAY.



NO ONE COULD EVER ACCUSE TOR OF NOT BELIEVING IN GOOD HYGIENE.



TOR PREPARES A SWEDISH MEATBALL DELIGHT.



CATCHING UP ON INDUSTRY NEWS IS A FAVORITE PASTIME.



TOR CHECKS IN WITH HIS AGENT.



HIS DAY ALMOST COMPLETE, HE RELAXES WITH THE MUSIC OF HIS BELOVED HOMETOWN.



AS THE BIG SWEDE SLOWLY WEIGHS ANCHOR, HE PAUSES TO REFLECT ON THE STATE OF MANKIND.



THE END

# STAR DISSECTIONS

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, & ROBOT MONSTER

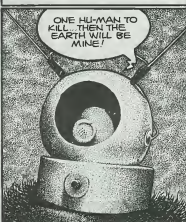
EAGER TO CLAIM THE EARTH AS HIS OWN, ROBOT MONSTER RACES TOWARD HIS PREY.



ROBOT MONSTER'S INCREDIBLE STRENGTH EASILY OVERCOMES ARNOLD'S DOOR.



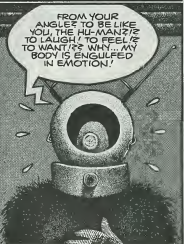
CHAPTER 12: ROBOT MONSTER, WITH THE AID OF HIS HORRIFIC CALCINATOR DEATH RAY, HAS KILLED OFF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE, EXCEPT FOR ONE PERSON.



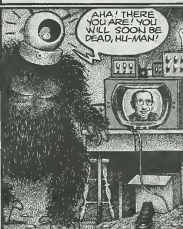
MEANWHILE, OUR HERO-ARNOLD IS TAKEN ABACK BY THE DAY'S HEADLINE...



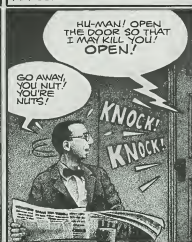
ARNOLD HAS STRUCK AN UNTOUCHED NERVE...



FROM HIS SECRET EARTH HIDEOUT, ROBOT MONSTER'S CALCINATOR TELEVISOR TRACKS DOWN THE LONE HUMAN...



ALL SEEMS LOST ROBOT MONSTER HAS CLOSED IN ON THE LONE ARNOLD...



ROBOT MONSTER RETURNS HOME, HAVING LEARNED A GREAT LESSON IN TOLERANCE.



# STAR DISSECTIONS

## ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY

SEPTEMBER, 1958



THE LOCAL BAR



WATCH OUT! STINKY IS ON THE LOOSE!



# STAR DISSECTIONS

## TOR JOHNSON'S HOLLYWOOD TOUR

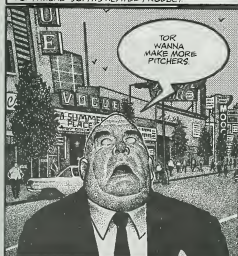
©1984

BY 1960, THE BIG SHREDE'S HOLLYWOOD CAREER WAS ALL BUT OVER, BUT HIS HEART STILL BELONGED TO THE MOVIE CAPITAL.



HOLLYWOOD  
BEEN VERY GOOD  
TO TOR

BUT TIMES HAD CHANGED AND THE PUBLIC YEARNED FOR A MORE SOPHISTICATED PRODUCT.



TOR  
WANNA  
MAKE MORE  
PITCHERS

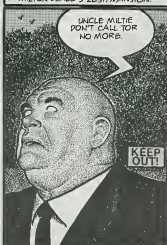
TOR'S ACTING SKILLS JUST DID NOT FIT IN WITH THIS NEW HOLLYWOOD.



TOR MADE  
PITCHER HERE  
ONCE

MOVE  
ALONG,  
FELLA!

EVEN OLD FRIENDS TURNED THEIR BACKS. TOR WAS NO LONGER WELCOMED AT MILTON BERLE'S LUSH MANSION.



UNCLE MILTIE  
DON'T CALL TOR  
NO MORE.

KEEP  
OUT!

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD'S MOVERS AND SHAKERS, GATHERING AT THE POLO LOUNGE OF THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL, COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THE LIKES OF TOR.



TOR GETTIN'  
HUNGRY TIME FOR  
GOIN' HOME FOR  
MEATBALL.

OF COURSE, TOR'S WIFE ALWAYS GAVE HIM A WARM KISS, HIS SLIPPERS, AND LOTS OF MEATBALLS.



TOR  
GONNA EAT  
SHERBERT LATER  
BYE-BYE.

END

# STAR DISSECTIONS

## ODDLES OF DOODLES

DOODLES DOES AS HE PLEASURES.



HE CAN PLAY DOCTOR...



HE CAN TAKE A BATH....



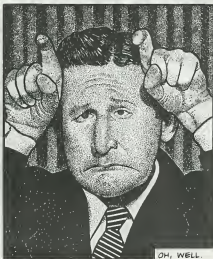
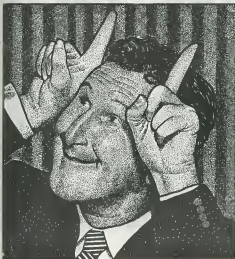
HE CAN DINE AT SARDIS



WITH HIS VIVID IMAGINATION, ANYTHING

IS POSSIBLE.

YET... THERE IS THAT IMPENDING NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST.



OH, WELL.

NOSTALGIC TELEVISION COMICS PRESENTS

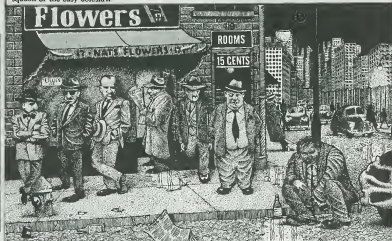
# ABBOTT & COSTELLO

## RAT CITY



Drawn Friedman and Josh Alan Friedman

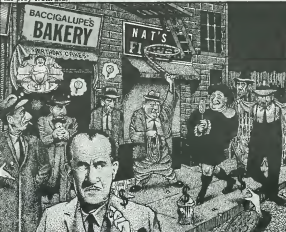
The rats were out in full regalia; a shifty-eyed breed of men, sniffing for a sucker's wallet, a free taste of squawk or the easy coleslaw



If they waited long and hard, the good Lord would bless them with a piece of cheese.



A mouth-watering sucker appeared before their eyes. Tonight's payoff would be as easy as taking candy from a pansy... One of the rats, however, sensed his prey from afar.



Sure enough, a fat boy from Paterson, New Jersey was beating the shooegles with snake eyes.

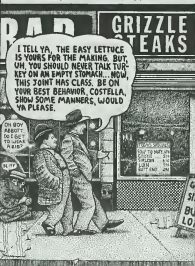


Within moments the spot began.

COSTELLO, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES. I'LL GET YOU DOUBLE OR NOTHING ON A SMALL INVESTMENT-- YOU WON'T OWE ME A THING. KID, YOU GOT STYLE WITH THEM DICE...



Just another tap dance on the frying pan of life.



The rat would ease the rumblings of his belly with another man's wad of bills.





Service-with-a-smile brought a dog's delight.



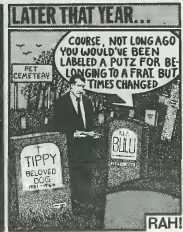
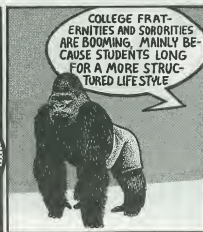
New innovations in Beboop sailed over their heads. It must have been the cleavage.



After dinner, it was getting a little nippy out. Quiff was in the air.



The Dix hit his dizzyest note, but it came out a little too loudly.



RAH!

# SNAZZY SCHNOZZ FUN!

No more beloved figure ever existed than the Schnozzola.

Yet behind the scenes his thirst for female flesh knew no bounds.

## JIMMY DURANTE BOFFS YOUNG STARLETS



His nightly roundup of Hollywood starlets became habitual.



Wild, lust-filled sexual nights of drunken revelry rocked the Durante home for years.



With promises of stardom dangled before them, the adroit Durante's appetite was forever quenched.



And so, as dawn nears, he's off to spread his special brand of joy.





# STAR DISSECTIONS

## DINING WITH MUTANTS

With Arthur Godfrey

©1984

EARLY IN 1955, ENTERTAINMENT HONCHO ARTHUR GODFREY TOOK UP THE HABIT OF DINING WITH BALD-HEADED MUTATIONS IN HOLLYWOOD'S POSHEST EATERIES.



THE WEALTHY STAR SEEMED TO DELIGHT IN RIDICULING THE UNFORTUNATE MUTANTS.



OFTEN IT SEEMED THAT GODFREY WAS MERELY BIDDING HIS TIME AT THESE DINNERS.



RARELY WOULD HE MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BELITTLE HIS WRETCHED DINING PARTNERS IN FRONT OF WOMEN.



COME THE SPRING, THOUGH, GODFREY HAD HAD HIS FILL OF THE MISERABLE SOULS. HE DISCONTINUED THE EVENINGS.



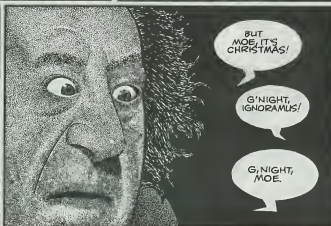
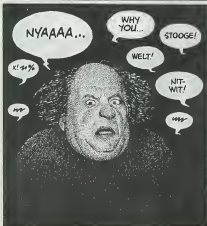
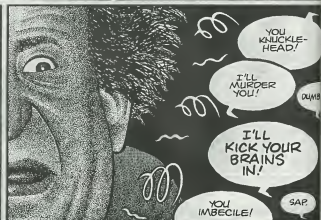
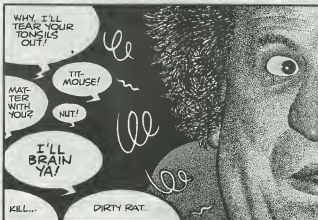
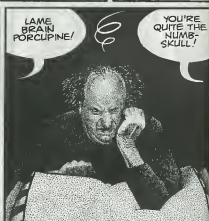
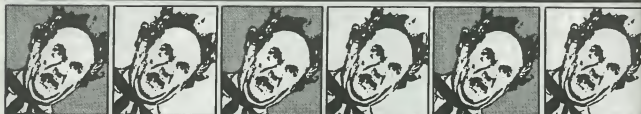
GIVEN A CHANCE TO REFLECT ON THESE NIGHTS, GODFREY OPTED FOR HIS BANJO.



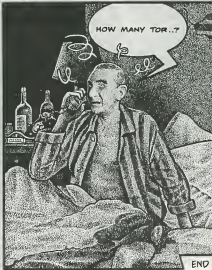
END

# STAR DISSECTIONS

## LARRY FINEARAMA NITEMARE



# TOR'S NIGHTMARE





# STAR DISSECTIONS

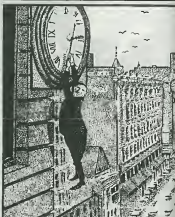
## WILLIAM BENDIX SIGHTINGS

©1983

BEFORE BELOVED COMIC-ACTOR WILLIAM BENDIX DIED IN 1964, HE MADE A STRANGE PREDICTION...



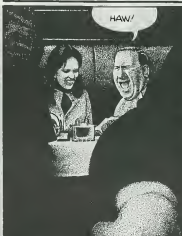
1966: SURE ENOUGH, A SIGHTING! BENDIX WAS REPORTED TO BE DANGLING FROM THE SITKA TOWER IN CHICAGO.



1969: BENDIX WAS NEXT SPOTTED HOVERING OUTSIDE A CHAMBERMAID'S APARTMENT IN ST. LOUIS.



1973: HE WAS SPOTTED DINING WITH STARLET SANDY DENNIS IN A POPULAR NEW YORK NIGHT SPOT.



1978: DES MOINES MOTORISTS WERE STARTLED TO SEE BENDIX STANDING BY ROUTE 44.



WHO CAN SAY WHERE BENDIX MIGHT TURN UP NEXT?... PERHAPS IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD? WOULDN'T THAT BE WONDERFUL?



# June 2050

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW EXACTLY WHY OR HOW, BUT BY THE YEAR 2050, EVERYONE BORN IN BALTIMORE WILL LOOK EXACTLY LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE.

FOR CHRISTSAKES!  
WE'RE ALL  
ERNEST  
BORGNIINES!



NOT ONLY WILL THEY LOOK LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE, BUT THEY'LL THINK LIKE HIM, TOO.

I GOT DIS GOD-  
DAMNNED PAINFUL  
RECTAL ITCH!

YOU SHOULD  
SEE MY  
CORNS!



ALL CONVERSATION WILL HAVE TO DO WITH THE LIFE AND CAREER OF ERNEST BORGNINE.

WASN'T HE  
GREAT IN  
WILLARDE?

HOW 'BOUT  
BAD DAY AT  
BLACK ADCK?

THE  
DEVILS  
RAVING



ALL MALES WILL BE NAMED ERNEST; ALL FEMALES, ERNESTINE.

YOU'RE A WON-  
DERFUL, DANCER,  
ERNEST.

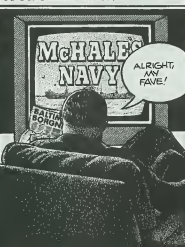
YOU'RE NOT  
BAD YOURSELF,  
ERNESTINE.



ALL FORMS OF ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE BORGNINE-ORIENTED.

McHALES  
NAVY

ALRIGHT,  
MY  
FAVE!



THERE WILL BE DEEP-ROOTED PRIDE IN BEING ONE OF THE BORGNINES.

ERNE! SIT  
UP AT THE  
GODDAMNNED  
TABLE!

GOD BLESS  
US BORGNINES,  
EVERY ONE.

AMEN!



YOUNG BORGNINES WILL BE TAUGHT THE BORGNINE PHILOSOPHY.

ANY BORGNINES THAT DYSENT WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

ANY QUESTIONS  
BORGNIINES?

Marty + Rod  
Stieger = O  
Marty + Ernest  
Borgnine = Oscar



BORGNINE  
STUNK IN FROM  
HERE TO  
ETERNITY!!

SHADDAP!



WHICH IS WHY, UNDERSTANDABLY, DOCTORS WILL BE SHOCKED TO FIND A BABY BORN DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE IN THE YEAR 2050 WHO LOOKS NOT LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE, BUT GEORGE KENNEDY.



END

**THE DUKE IS COMING**

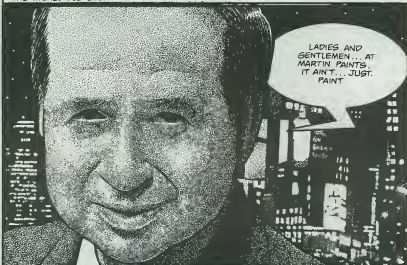


# STAR DISSECTIONS

## THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING JOE FRANKLIN

©1984

THE INCREDIBLE EVENT NO MAN CAN EXPLAIN...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... AT MARTIN PAINTS, IT AIN'T... JUST... PAINT.

HOSTING A TALK SHOW FOR THIRTY YEARS HAD NOT PREPARED HIM FOR THESE STARTLING EVENTS



JOE, YOU LOOK GOOD... YOU LOSE SOME WEIGHT?

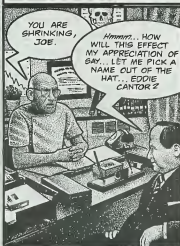
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... NOTHING TO PUSH OR SELL, JUST TWO DEAR FRIENDS.

INDEED, STRANGE RUMBLINGS IN HIS BODY WERE STARTING TO CAUSE HIM CONCERN.



SO SING, WHAT WAS YOUR FEELING ON SOPHIE TUCKER'S DEATH?

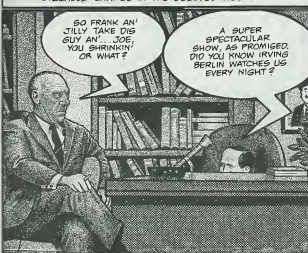
A SERIES OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS WERE PERFORMED. THE PROGNOSIS WAS IN...



YOU ARE SHRINKING, JOE.

Hummm... HOW WILL THIS EFFECT MY APPRECIATION OF SAY... LET ME PICK A NAME OUT OF THE HAT... EDDIE CANTOR?

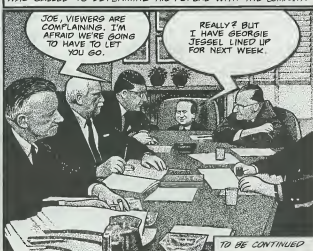
A WEEK LATER, IT DIDN'T TAKE AN EINSTEIN TO NOTICE A SIZEABLE CHANGE IN THE BELOVED HOST.



SO FRANK AN' JILLY TAKE DIS GUY AN'. JOE, YOU SHRINKIN' OR WHAT?

A SUPER SPECTACULAR SHOW, AS PROMIGED. DID YOU KNOW IRVING BERLIN WATCHES US EVERY NIGHT?

A MEETING OF THE WOR-TV CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD WAS CALLED TO DETERMINE HIS FUTURE WITH THE COMPANY.



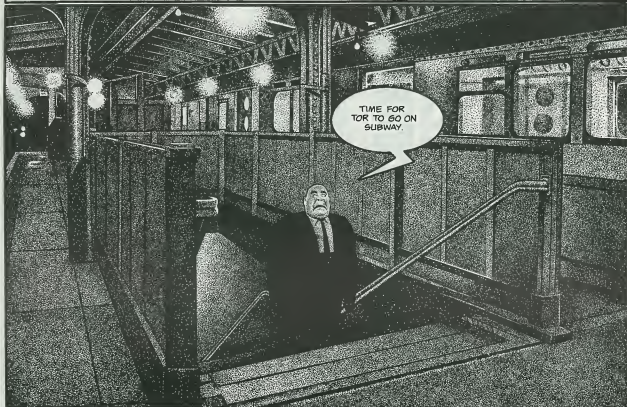
JOE, VIEWERS ARE COMPLAINING. I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU GO.

REALLY? BUT I HAVE GEORGIE JESSEL LINED UP FOR NEXT WEEK.

TO BE CONTINUED

# TOR IN NEW YORK

IN EARLY 1963, TOR JOHNSON VACATIONED IN NEW YORK CITY. HE LOVED TO TAKE IN THE SIGHTS.



HE HAD A DANDY TIME ON HIS VACATION, BUT SADLY WOULD NEVER RETURN TO N.Y.C.



CONTINUED



**BUT  
REALLY,  
YOU'RE  
A  
GREAT  
AUDIENCE**

# MR. EXCITEMENT!

## THE LIVING HISTORY OF WAYNE NEWTON

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN ©1982

NOT TOO LONG AGO, IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA, WAS BORN A REMARKABLE BOY, WHO WAS DESTINED TO ENTERTAIN THE CUCKING OUT OF THE WORLD.

I GOT BIG-TIME DREAMS, BUT SCHMALL TOWN WAYS. LORD LEMME SEE THAT SHENANDOAH VALLEY.



BUT THAT SHENANDOAH VALLEY GAVE THE CHILD ASTHMA, SO HE'S RARELY MOVED TO ARIZONA, THE BETTER TO NURTURE HIS SPELLBINDING VOCAL TALENT. IN THE EARLY '50'S HE WAS SIGNED TO HIS OWN LOCAL TV SHOW



THE BOY'S BODY GREW FASTER THAN HIS HEAD, INKED TO HULKING PROPORTIONS. HE TOURED WITH HIS OLDER BROTHER, 'BERRY' AS A DUO, THE NEWTON BROTHERS EVEN WORKED WEEKENDS, WITH FIRST SHOWS AT 11



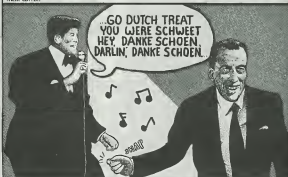
IT WAS WAYNE WHO FOLLOWED THAT SPOTLIGHT, FIGHTING FOR EVERY INCH OF FAME. IN '59, HE BEGAN A FIVE YEAR "ODD" AT THE RESORT HOTEL LOUNGE IN VEGAS. HE'S "ODD PRO" "SHENANDOAH" SING AUNT FOLKS HOOWEED!



PUBLIC REACTION TO WAYNE'S TV APPEARANCES IN '62 WAS OVERWHELMING. BOBBY DARIN GRABBED HIM UP, BECAME HIS MANAGER AND PITCHED THE RISING STAR TO CAPITOL RECORDS.



AT 6'3", SOUNDLIKE LEE BRINDA LEE WITH A LIP, AND SPORTING YOUNG LESBIAN LOOKS, HOW COULD HE MISS? THE DARIN-PRODUCED "DANKE SCHOEN" SOLO SO MANY OSCARS, PEOPLE MUST HAVE BEEN DRINKING THEM IN THEIR CITIES.



CONFUSED BY THE BRITISH INVASION—MUCH OF WHICH DEBUTED ON HIS SHOW—ED SULLIVAN GOT HOPELESSLY CAUGHT UP IN THAT NEWTON GROOVE WHENEVER WAYNE GUESTED.



BUT OLD-SCHOOL ENTERTAINERS HELD DEAR THIS YOUTHFUL SYMBOL OF DECENCY. IN A TIME WHEN THE KIDS HAD CLEARLY GONE BERZERK, THEY ALL WANTED HIM AS SECOND BILL. WAYNE NEWTON ALWAYS BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE, YET POSED NO THREAT OF BECOMING A HEADLINER.



WAYNE JUST ENTERTAINED THE LIVING 'SHIT OUT OF HIS AUDIENCES, HE NEVER ONCE RESORTED TO DIRT



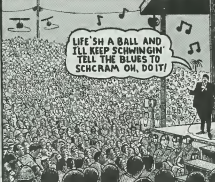
HE COULD BELT OUT A SWING NUMBER, CARESS A BALLAD, AND STRUM THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF A BAND, NOT TO MENTION HIS MASTERY OVER 10 OTHER INSTRUMENTS.



BEHIND THAT ON-STAGE SPUNKIE W. S. BITTER REALIZATION THAT HIS STARDOM WAS SLIPPING, HE REQUESTED SEVERAL EMBARRASSING GUEST SHOTS ON THE LUCKY SHOW.



BUT WAYNE WAS STILL A HUMAN BEING. HE LEFT FOR N-I-V TO ENTERTAIN TROOPS IN '66, WHEN MORALE WAS GETTING LOW.



WAYNE SANG HIS HEART OUT FOR AN ENTIRE GENERATION GAP, BUT AS HE FORGED THROUGH AIRLINES, CLUB DATES AND TV SHOWS, A CRUEL BACKLASH BEGAN. HE BECAME A SHOW-BIZ JOKE. THE BUTT OF UGLY GENDER BURNINGS WHICH SLURRED HIS MASCULINITY.



NO LONGER AT ODDS WITH THE YOUTH CULTURE, WAYNE DUMPED HIS "ROCK-LEGIC THROWBACK" REPERTOIRE. HE REALLY GOT WITH IT, ADOPTING A MID-60S VOCABULARY. IN THE EARLY '70S



DEBATED 160 POUNDS OVERWEIGHT AND WITH A RUDICULOUS CAREER, HE HAD ONLY ONE PLACE TO TURN: LAS VEGAS. HIS SPIRITUAL HOMELAND. UPON HIS RETURN, WAYNE HAD THE STRANGEST ENCOUNTER WITH HOWARD HUGHES.



UNDER HUGHES' SPONSORSHIP, HOTELS RAN FURIOUSLY FOR NEWTON'S TALENTS. "DADDY DON'T YOU WALK SO FAST" TOPPED THE CHARTS. WAYNE PARLAYED THIS SUCCESS INTO A C. APPARATUS TO CHANGE HIS IMAGE. HE BEGAN BODYBUILDING WITH STEVE REEVES.



HE TOWLED HIS WAY TO A KARATE BLACK BELT, AND MASTERED THE ONLY ART OF PILOTING HELICOPTERS. HE ACQUIRED WORLD-CLASS JUDO IN HORSE STUBLES, AND DATED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD.



NO ANY WISDOMY WHO WERENT AWARE OF THIS UNPRECEDENTED SHOW-BIZ TRANSFORMATION—NO MATTER WHO THEY WERE—WAYNE TOOK CARE OF HIMSELF.



HE BECAME INSTANTLY THE SEARST, HOTTEST EXCELLENT MAN IN THE WORLD. THE TOP DRAWING SHOWMAN IN THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WEST, VEGAS SOUL PERSONIFIED. THE MID-NIGHT 'EOL, LAUREY & CONTELLER, MR. WAYNE NEWTON.

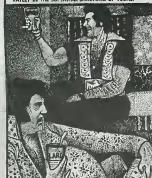


YET WAYNE WAS HAUNTED BY A FORCE HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN.



WAYNE NEWTON WAS NOT A WAYNE NEWTON JOKE ANYMORE.

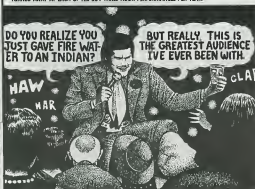
IRONICALLY, WAYNE'S CAREER RESEMBLED THE REVERSE ROUTE OF ELVIS: THE TWO SCHWANDTOS FIN VATELY IN THE SUPRSTARS SANCTIONS OF VEGAS.



THE HENTON ENTourage BECAME THE FIRST FAMILY OF VEGAS. THEY EVEN SPOKE HE COULD CURE ORGASMS WITH HIS VOICE—WHICH INCIDENTALLY ORIGINATED AN OCTAVE OR TWO.



THE PROSPECT OF WAYNE PLAYING TO AN EMPTY SEAT BECAME SHEER IMPOSSIBILITY. MONS WERE TURNED AWAY AT EACH OF HIS 504 THREE-HOUR PERFORMANCES PER YEAR.



HE WAS A MASTER OF MIKE TECHNIQUE AND SEXUAL HUMOROUS, WHO COULD CHUCKLE BETWEEN A BEAT OF LAZE OUT A VIBRATO, AMONG THE LUCKY FIVE WATSON WHO GOT INTO "THE SHOW". WILL E. FANTICS WHO RETURNED NIGHTLY FOR A WHIFF OF WAYNE'S PACE RUM-ING COLOGNE.



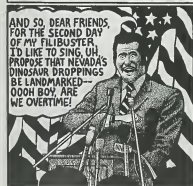
WAYNE BECAME THE RICHEST VEGAS POWER BROKER SINCE HOWARD HUGHES, THE FIRST BETTER-TO-EVER ACQUIRE A VEGAS HOTEL. BUT WAS HE REALLY HAPPY?



HE STILL FOUGHT FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE LITTLE GUY—ANY NEWLY-CITIZEN, FROM STREET HOOKERS TO THE GOVERNOR, WOULD RISE UP TO DEFEND LAS VEGAS' FAVORITE SON. HE EVEN GAVE PRIVATE SHOWS FOR WORKERS AT THREE A.M.



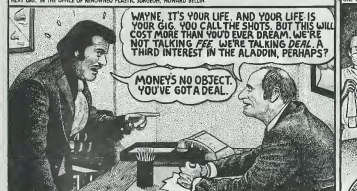
A GRASS ROOTS MOVEMENT TO RUN WAYNE FOR SENATE WAS UNSTOPPABLE. AND HE BECAME A SHOW-IN TO PLAY ERROR FLYNN, HIS LIFELONG DREAM. HE EVEN ADVANCED NEVADA'S ARCH-BIOLOGICAL SCIENTIFIC, YET HE STILL FELT HAUNTED.



WAYNE'S SECURITY NET, MASSIVE TO BEGIN WITH, BEGAN TO RIVAL A PRESIDENTIAL MOTORCADE. INDEED, SOMETHINGS WERE TEARING HIM UP INSIDE!



HEART DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF RENOWNED PLASTIC SURGEON, HOWARD BELLIN



ONE WEEK LATER





# STAR DISSECTIONS

THE BELOVED COMIC FINDS DARKEST AFRICA IDEAL FOR RELAXATION...

## JOE DERITA OF THE APES



...ALTHOUGH AT TIMES HIS REST DOESN'T COME EASY...

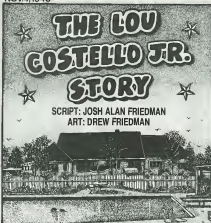


...THOUGH CUDDLING UP WITH A FRIEND IS A COMFORT

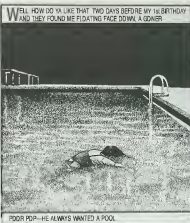


ALL IN ALL, IT'S HIS LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN, FAR AWAY FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF HOLLYWOOD.





HE HAD JUST RECOVERED FROM A NEAR-FATAL ILLNESS. TONIGHT WAS GOING TO BE POP'S FIRST SHOW IN EIGHT MONTHS.



MEANWHILE, MAMA GAVE ME MY BIRTH AND PLACED ME IN THE PLAYPEN. MISS FEATHER, MY NURSE, HAD THE DAY OFF.



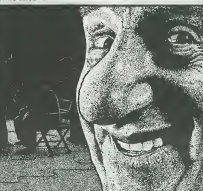
A SCRAPPY LITTLE GUY, I MANAGED TO BREAK OUT ONE OF THE BARS WAS LOOSE. IT WAS MID-JUNE IN SUMMER. I MARVELLED AT THE LEAVES FALLING UPON THE GLASSY POOL SURFACE, AND CRAWLED ONWARD.



THREE HOURS BEFORE THE BROADCAST, POP WAS TOLD THAT HIS BABY SON—YOURS TRULY—HAD SOMEHOW CRAWLED FROM HIS PLAYPEN, FALLEN IN THE POOL, AND DROWNED.



AS AIR TIME APPROACHED, RED SKELTON, MICKEY ROONEY, AND JIMMY DURANTE OFFERED TO FILL IN. POP WAS GRATEFUL, BUT INSISTED ON DOING THE SHOW—FOR ME, JESUS, POP.



NO ONE WAS AWARE OF MY DEATH WHEN THE RED LIGHT BLINKED ON.



UNCLE BILLY BROKE THE NEWS AT THE END OF THE SHOW.

IN THE FACE OF THE GREATEST TRAGEDY WHICH CAN COME TO ANY MAN, LOU COSTELLO WENT ON TONIGHT. SO THAT YOU, THE RADIO AUDIENCE, WOULD NOT BE DISAPPOINTED, THERE IS NOTHING MORE THAT I CAN SAY EXCEPT THAT I KNOW YOU ALL JOIN ME IN EXPRESSING OUR...



POP WAS EMOTIONALLY UPROOTED THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER BY NOT HAVING A SON TO CARRY ON AN HEIR TO THE COSTELLO THRONE.



INSTEAD, THEY FOUND ME GOOD AND DROWNED. THE JUNT WAS CRAWLING WITH COPES. YEAH, IT WAS ONE HELLUVA MESS. I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY THAT'S SHOW 842, BUT WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY DO FOR AN ENDORSE?



TO THINK WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN TODAY

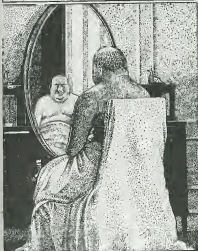
THE END



# LAUGH MAKERS



WHEN MOE HOWARD & LARRY FINE DIED IN 1974, JOE DIRITA WAS LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.



©1981  
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS FATAL STROKE IN 1957, OLIVER HARDY WOULD TAKE LONG WALKS IN THE PARK, DRESSED ONLY IN HIS WIFE'S FROCK.



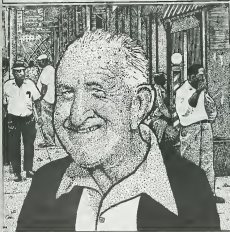
BUD ABBOTT MADE HIS FINAL STAGE APPEARANCE IN 1974 AT THE OLD ACTORS HOME IN LOS ANGELES. HE WAS DEAD A WEEK LATER.



FORMER MGM CARTOON PRODUCER FRED QUIMBY CONTEMPLATES ART SPIEGELMAN'S "MAUS."



DOODLES WEAVER, FORMER MEMBER OF SPIKE JONES ZANY BAND, ENJOYS STROLLING THROUGH URBAN GETTOS. THE BELOVED FUNNYMAN IS CURRENTLY UNDER HOSPITAL CARE FOR SEVERE HEAD CONCUSSIONS. SHOULD RECOVER SOON.

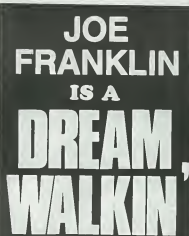


IN 1979, JIMMY NELSON BURIED DANNY O'DAY & FARFEL.



TO BE CONTINUED

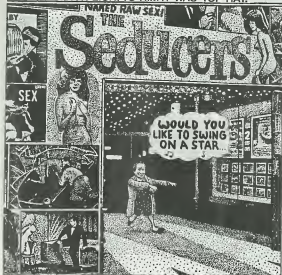




©1982



HE TAKES IN A FLICK, TO HIM IT WAS 'TOP HAT.'



**WELL RESTED, HE'S HOMEWARD BOUND.**



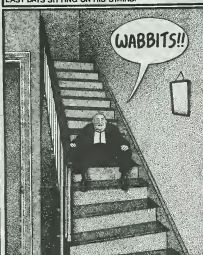
**END**



# LAUGH MAKERS

Second of a Series

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN, VOICE OF ELMER FUDD, SPENT HIS LAST DAYS SITTING ON HIS STAIRS.



MANTAN MORELAND ENJOYS THE GOOD LIFE.



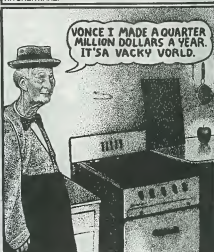
STAR OF PETE SMITH SHORTS DAVE O'BRIEN NOW TALKS TO BIRDS.



MOUSIE GARNER DELIVERS HIS OWN ELEGY.



IN HIS FINAL DAYS, EL BRENDAL WAS PROUDEST OF HIS KITCHENWARE.



A MASSIVE WEIGHT LOSS HAD DON WILSON THINKING COMEBACK. HE WAS DEAD WITHIN THE MONTH.



WITH JUST HOURS TO LIVE, FRANK FONTAINE DECIDED TO BE FUNNY.



LARRY FINE OFTEN REFERRED TO HIS PARALYZING STROKE AS HIS 'STROKE OF LUCK.'



THE END

# STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

THERE WAS ONCE A LOVE SHROUDED BY RUMOR,  
WHICH SOME SWEAR WAS TRUE.



IT SPRUNG FROM THE ALABAMA SOIL...



BUT IT TOOK A CHANCE ENCOUNTER IN HOLLYWOOD  
TO IGNITE IT... ALAS, THIS WAS A LOVE DOOMED  
TO FAIL.



A LOVE SHROUDED IN SECRECY AND PAIN,  
ONE THE WORLD COULD NEVER UNDER-  
STAND OR ACCEPT.



...A LOVE FUELED BY PASSION.



...BY ADMIRATION.



...BUT NOTWITHSTANDING, A LOVE THAT ONCE  
REVEALED COULD HAVE SHATTERED  
THEIR CAREERS.



ONLY IN A BETTER WORLD, SOMEWHERE,  
PERHAPS, COULD THEIR LOVE HAVE  
BLOSSOMED...



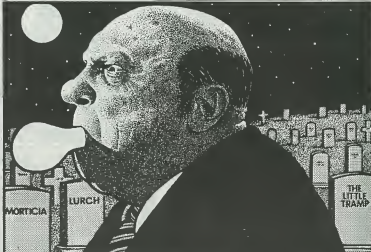
# STAR DISSECTIONS

**WALLOWING IN THEIR  
WACKY DESPAIR...**

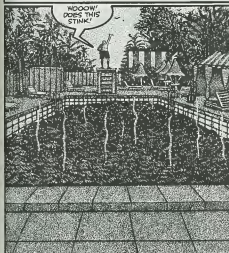
## LAUGH MAKERS

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IN HIS FINAL YEAR OF LIFE, JACKIE COOGAN WANDERED THROUGH CEMETERIES IN SEARCH OF PAST GLORIES.



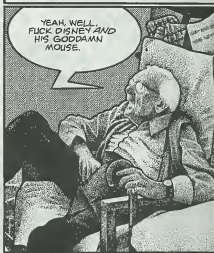
IN THE FALL OF '73, JOE E. BROWN FILLED HIS BEVERLY HILLS POOL WITH BOWEL MOVEMENTS.



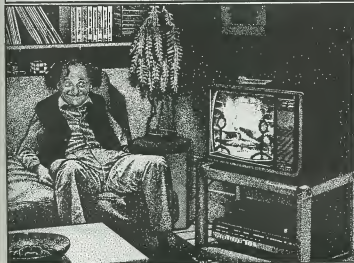
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH, BERT LAHR'S BEHAVIOR BECAME ERRATIC.



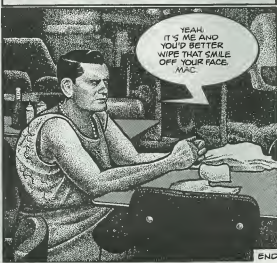
CARTOON DIRECTOR PAUL T. SMITH SPEAKS OF HIS FIRSTWHLIE COMPETITION...



THE WPIX-TV 'YULE LOG' IS A BELOVED TRADITION IN THE HOME OF SPORTS-CASTER WARNER WOLF'S FATHER, COMIC SAKKY WOLF.



AFTER HIS RETIREMENT FROM "BEWITCHED," DICK YORK WAS OFTEN SPOTTED IN STRANGE ATTIRE.



END



Whatever Became Of...

# OUR GANG?



or as they are more commonly known, the little rascals.

then

**Alfalfa...** 1958



ALFALFA WAS SHOT DEAD AT ONE OF HIS SOLD-OUT CONCERTS AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL IN 1958.

then

**Spanky...** now



SPANKY WAS CONVICTED IN 1974 FOR THE MASS HOMOSEXUAL SLAYING OF 57 BOYS IN FORTWORTH, TEXAS. HE IS NOW OUT ON PAROLE.

then

**Buckwheat...** now



BUCKWHEAT IS EMPLOYED BY A FAMILY IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY. "BUT AH DON'T DO YO' WINDOWS" HE TOLD THEM.

then

**Butch...** now



BUTCH IS NOW A HAIRDRESSER IN MEMPHIS ALONG WITH HIS BOYFRIEND WOM. THEY ROOM WITH VESTOR PRESLEY.

then

**Darla...** now



DARLA MARRIED JOE BLACK, THE FORMER NEGRO BASEBALL STAR, AND IS NOW DARLA HOOD BLACK. SHE IS THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO MONGALLA, AFRICA.

then

**Chubby...** now



CHUBBY STANDS ON THE CORNER OF 14TH ST. AND 2ND AND EXPOSES HIS DINK TO THE WORLD.

then

**Farina...** now



FARINA KILLS WHITE PEOPLE, SO WATCH OUT. HIS WHEREABOUTS ARE UNKNOWN.

then

**Wheezer...** now



WHEELER IS EMPLOYED BY RINGLING BROS. HE SHOVELS UP ELEPHANT BOWEL MOVEMENTS.

then

**Porky...** now



PORKY DORKMAN IS A KIDY PORN FILM-MAKER OPERATING OUT OF ST. LOUIS. HIS GRANDCHILDREN PERFORM IN HIS EPICS.

then

**Waldo...** now



HE DIED.

then

**Stymie...** now



STYME WAS A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE UNTILL HE WROTE A BOOK CALLING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF. HE IS NOW SERVING 10 TO 20.

then

**Scotty...** now



SCOTTY BECKETT IS NOW A WRITER LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO. HE HAS BEGUN WORK ON A MASSIVE BIOGRAPHY ON SHEMP.

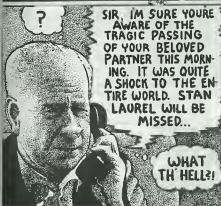
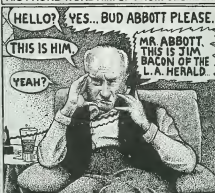


# OLD BUD ABBOTT

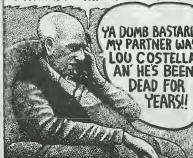
ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 23, 1965,  
BUD ABBOTT SAT DOZING IN HIS DEN.



HIS PHONE WOKE HIM UP FROM SLUMBER.



I REALIZE THIS MUST BE A TRYING  
TIME FOR YOU... BUT PERHAPS YOU  
CAN... AH... SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS  
WITH ME AT THIS TIME OF GRIEF—



OH... SURE... SORRY  
BOUT THAT. AH, THEN  
WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE  
PEEL, SHAWNEE, HUNTER?



HE WAS A HOLLYWOOD DYNAMO, A  
LEADING MAN AMONGST MEN, WITH  
HARD-TICKET APPEAL...



AND HE WAS AN ALABAMA COUNTRY BUMP-  
KIN WHO LANDED HIS OWN TV SERIES...



BUT THEIRS WAS A LOVE DOOMED TO FAIL...



# ★ THE ★ SAGA OF FRANK SINATRA ★ JR. ★

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN



©1985

WHEN FRANK SINATRA JR. ROLLS INTO ATLANTIC CITY FOR MEMORIAL DAY, HE ENCOUNTERS THE FAMILIAR WELCOME.

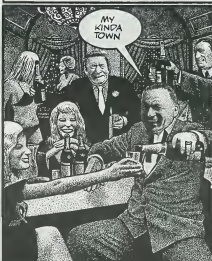


FRESH FROM AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE BLUE MAX, IN ROSEMONT, ILL., HE NOW PREPARES TO OPEN FOR GEORGE BURNS AT CABBAGES - HIS HOTTEST GIG IN YEARS.



FIVE MINUTES, JR.

JUST 10 BLOCKS AWAY HIS OLD MAN WOVES THE TOWN, SHOWING THE CONFIDENCE OF AN ABSOLUTE RULER.



MY KINDA TOWN

BUT JR.'S HO-HUM CROWD CHATS INCESSANTLY, OBVIOUS TO HIS ACT, WAITING FOR THE HEADLINER.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WONDER OF THE LARGE BAND IS THAT IT POSSESSES MANY COLORS.

DO "MY WAY!"

THIRTY MINUTES INTO THE SHOW, HE DOES HIS ONLY SINATRA NUMBER.



THAT'S LIFE! THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY

HE SURE AIN'T HIS OLD MAN.

HIS ONLY REAL APPLAUSE COMES AFTER THIS SONG.



UH-HUH... EVERY NIGHT WE DO THAT NUMBER, AND EVERY NIGHT I FIND WHEREIN YOUR LOYALTY LIES

ENCORE CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP CLAP

MEANWHILE, FRANK SINATRA JR.'S FATHER IMMORTALIZES HIS HANDPRINTS IN CEMENT DURING A CEREMONIAL PRESS GATHERING AT RESORTS' "ENTRANCE OF THE STARS."



FRANK SINATRA JR. RETREATS TO THE LOUSY ROOM PROVIDED BY HIS HOTEL, TO BROOD OVER ROCK CONCERT GROSSES IN VARIETY.



DRIFTING OFF, HE DAYDREAMS OF THE TIME HE'DO A TV SPOT FOR LENNY'S CLAM BAR IN BROOKLYN...



...OF THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS WELCOME ANY-TIME ON MIKE DOUGLAS, AND ANYTHING SEEMED POSSIBLE...



...OF THE TIME HE ALMOST BASHED "THAT FAG" REX KEEB WHOSE REVIEW CITED HIS OLD MAN AS "LOOKING LIKE ELMER FUDD."



DRIFTING BACK, HE RECALLS HIS OLD MAN'S SAGE OBSERVATION WHEN HE ENTERED THE BIZ.



AND SO BACK TO THE SOUND THE SALOON SINGER GOES, PERFECTING HIS ART, AS HEIR TO THE CHAIRMAN'S THRONE. WITH 20 YEARS OF ROAD WORK, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW REFINEMENTS NEEDED. THEN, WATCH OUT, WORLD!



END



# HOLLYWOOD HELL

THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE FUNSTERS...

"UGLIEST MAN IN HOLLYWOOD," SHEMP HOWARD HAD HIS PICK AMONGST A VIRTUAL SMORGASBORD OF TINSeltown STARLETS.

## MORE LAUGH MAKERS

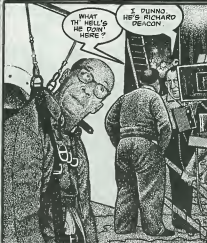
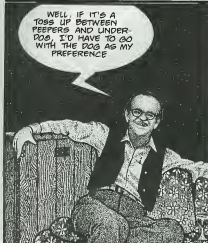
©1985



KNOWN AS A MAN OF FEW WORDS, WALLY COX POURED OUT HIS SOUL SHORTLY BEFORE HIS UNTIMELY DEATH.

EVEN THOUGH THE JOBS WERE NO MORE FOR RICHARD DEARON, HE CONTINUED TO HANG AROUND THE STUDIOS ANYWAY.

EDGAR BUCHANAN WAS DISORIENTED OVER THE COURSE FILMMAKING TOOK IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.



WACKY HEE HAW STAR JUNIOR SAMPLES WOULD ROUND UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN FOR BIRTHDAY PARTIES ON ANY GIVEN DAY.

TOWARD THE END OF HIS EXISTENCE, JOE E. ROSS BROUGHT HIS DATES TO FOREST LAWN FOR "WOOFIE."



END



**COVER  
GIRLS**



## NEW YORK ELEVATOR MEN - A VANISHING BREED

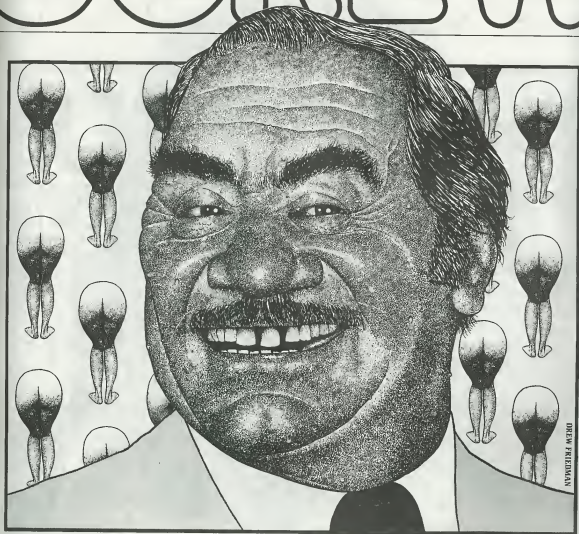


1982



## BORGNINE'S BOWELS EXPOSED!

# SCREW



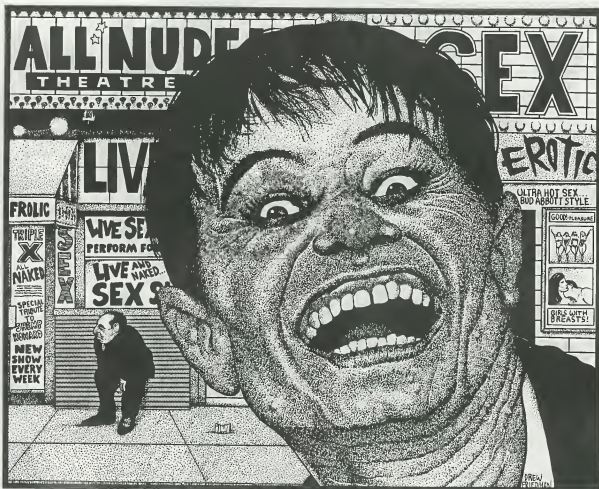
OREN FRIEDMAN



# HOT PSYCHO SEX PIX!

# SCREW

THE SEX REVIEW



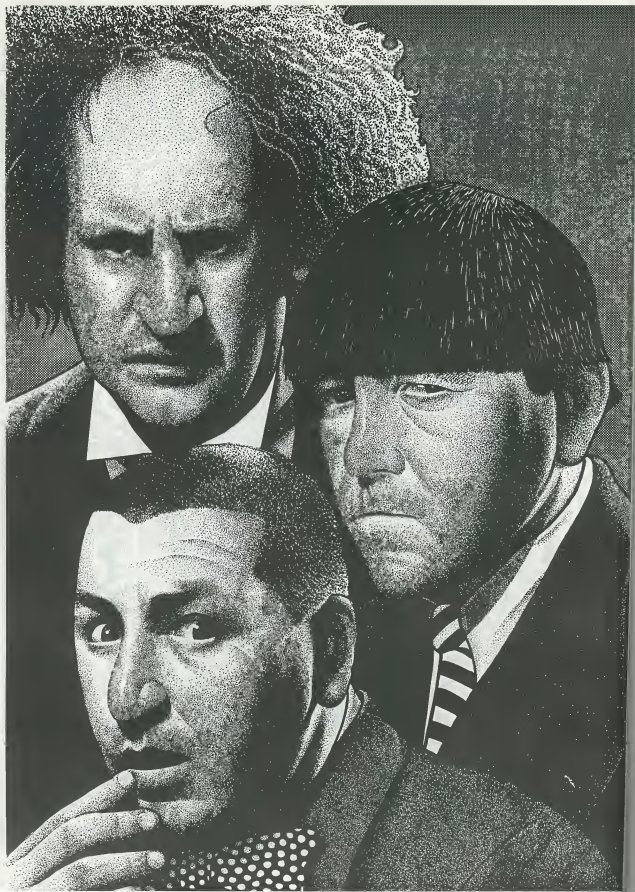




# SHEMP'S SINFUL SEX SECRETS!

# SCREW





The following six pages illustrate chapters in the life of Larry Fine.



Gypsy woman prophesies fame to first-born son of Mrs. Feinberg, before Larry's birth.



Young Larry.

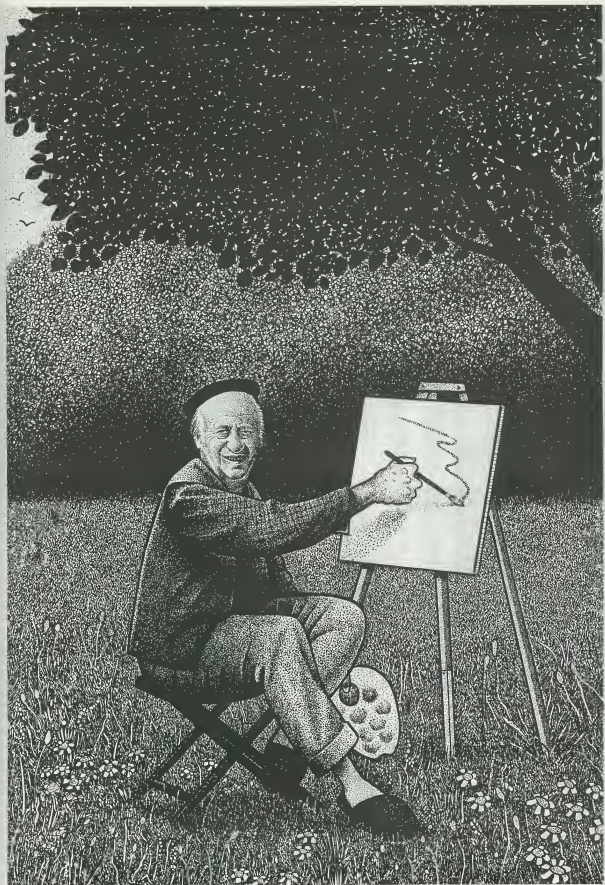




Onstage with Ted Healy.



Stooges with Eddie Cantor.



Larry in retirement.





# **THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO STORY**



THE TEAM OF BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO FIRST RECEIVED NATIONAL EXPOSURE ON THE KATE SMITH RADIO PROGRAM.



IN 1941, HOLLYWOOD BECKONED AND THE DUO WAS MORE THAN EAGER TO OBLIGE.



ABETTED BY THE ANDREWS SISTERS IN A SERIES OF WAR COMEDIES THEIR SUCCESS WAS ASTOUNDING.



YET BEHIND THE SCENES THERE WAS HEATED TENSION BETWEEN THE TWO, AGGRAVATED BY LOU'S STUBBORNNESS.



IN 1943, LOU COSTELLO BRAVELY FACED THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF HIS LIFE... THE DROWNING OF HIS BABY SON, LOU, JR.



THEIR FILMS, NEVER FAVORITES WITH THE CRITICS, KEPT ON COMING, HIGHLIGHTED BY ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.



IN THE EARLY FIFTIES, BUD AND LOU MOVED TO TELEVISION WHERE THEIR TRIED-AND-TRUE ROUTINES CONTINUED TO BRING JOY AND LAUGHTER TO THEIR FANS.



THE BOYS WOULD EVENTUALLY BREAK UP IN 1957 AND NEVER SPEAK AGAIN. LOU DIED IN 1959 AND BUD, HAVING BEEN WIPE OUT BY THE I.R.S. IN 1960, LIVED ON A MODEST PENSION UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1974.



©1984 Drew Friedman

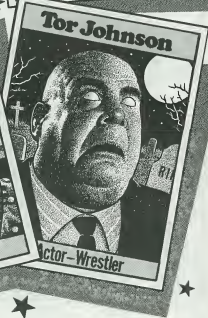
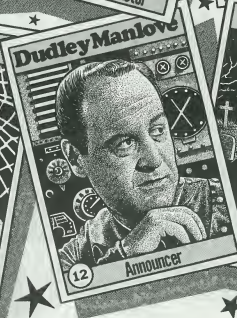
# HOLLYWOOD HELL

## THE EDWARD D. WOOD, JR. PLAYERS

© 1985



6 Cards From A Series Of 24...Collect 'Em All!



# HOLLYWOOD HELL

## THE EDWARD D. WOOD, JR. PLAYERS

© 1985



NIFTY!

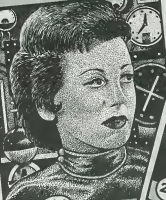
ZOWIE!



# TRADING CARDS

6 More Cards From A Series Of 24...Collect 'Em All!

Joanna Lee



7

Actress-Writer

Kenne Duncan



24

Actor-Stuntman

Tom Mason



5

Chiropractor

Unknown



19

Unknown

Gregory Walcott



3

Actor

Mona McKinnon



Actress

# STAR DISSECTIONS

GREAT MOMENTS FROM THAT TIMELESS CLASSIC, *PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE*, FEATURING SWEDISH WRESTLING AND ACTING GREAT TOR JOHNSON (IN HIS ONLY SPEAKING ROLE) AS INSPECTOR DANIEL CLAY.

AFTER THE FIRST EIGHT PLANS...

CAN THE WORLD  
SURVIVE WHEN...



BELA LUGOSI & VAMPIRA

TEAM UP IN

EDWARD D. WOOD'S PRODUCTION OF  
A REYNOLDS FILM...

SHIVER AND SHUDDER UPON THOUGHT!  
SEE THE FRIGHTS! (SEE THE CHUCKS! SEE THE HORRORS!

PLAN NINE  
FROM  
OUTER SPACE

CAST STARRING: TOR JOHNSON, CRISWELL GREGORY WALLCOTT, MONA MCKINNON WITH  
TOM KEENE, DUDLEY MANLY, JOANNA LEE PRODUCED BY J. EDWARD REYNOLDS  
WRITTEN BY EDWARD D. WOOD, JR. & REYNOLDS FILM DCA



MMMM...  
HE'S A BIG ONE.  
ARE THEY ALL  
THIS BIG ON  
EARTH?

TOR SPEAKS!



WHAT ARE YOU  
GONNA DO?

LOOKS AROUND  
A WHILE

BE CAREFUL  
INSPECTOR

OW A  
BIG BOY,  
JOHNNY!

TOR AND FIFTIES' HORROR HOSTESS, VAMPIRA,  
RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM DIRECTING WIZ  
EDWARD D. WOOD, JR.



I AM THE  
DIRECTOR, THUS  
I DIRECT... YET  
THEREFORE  
PLEASE FOLLOW  
MY... ER...  
DIRECTION...

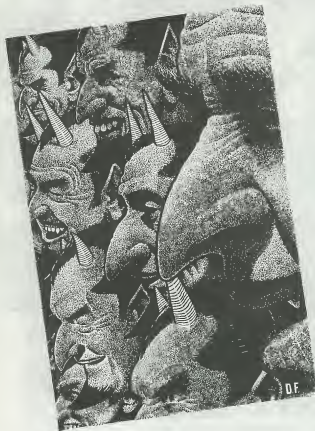
I SCARE EM  
ALLA TIME?

BYE-BYE





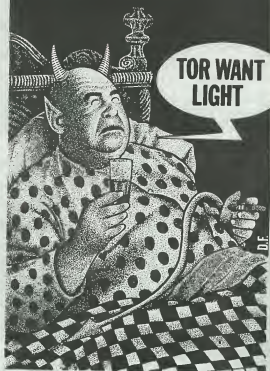
# PAUL HENNING AMONGST HIS CHARACTERS



**DANCING  
WITH  
THE  
DEVIL**

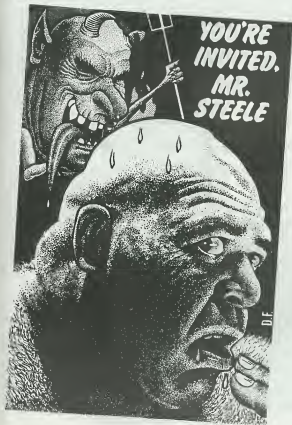


**THAT DEVIL TOR**

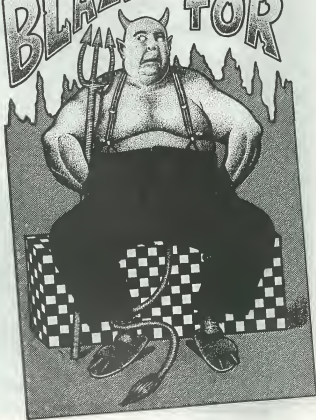


**TOR WANT  
LIGHT**

**YOU'RE  
INVITED.  
MR.  
STEELE**

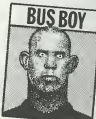


**BLAZING  
TOR**





# THEY'LL NEVER OWN A YACHT



(ADVERTISEMENT)

## FAT, BALD, BITTER & ANGRY

Crosby Stills & Nash  
IN THE EIGHTIES



Their latest album  
on Old, Old Dog  
Records and Tapes.  
At a few record  
outlets, sort of.

Side A

Old, Bald, Broke &  
Impotent  
I Almost Simonized My  
Head  
Suite: Judy Varicose Veins  
I Almost Shot A Fan

Side B

Everybody I Fuck You  
I Almost Handed In My  
Gun  
Back to Diapers  
My Ol' Guitar (Smells Like  
Me)  
Jaded, Faded, Hated



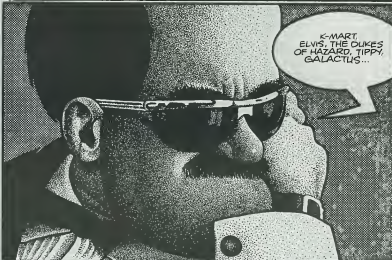
**GO,  
LORD,  
GO!**

# STAR DISSECTIONS

©1984

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE... A MAN TO RECKON WITH.

## THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE IN "WHAT I LIKE"



THE LORD'S INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITE COULD PUT THE LIKES OF RICHARD BURTON TO SHAME.

HOLLYWOOD IS THE LORD'S OYSTER. THE RED CARPET IS ROLLED OUT WHEREVER HE CHOOSES TO APPEAR.

MORNINGS IN ST. MORITZ, EVENINGS IN MONACO. THE LORD'S JET-SETTING WAYS ARE LEGENDARY.



FAST CARS AND EVEN FASTER WOMEN ARE THE LORD'S SPEED.



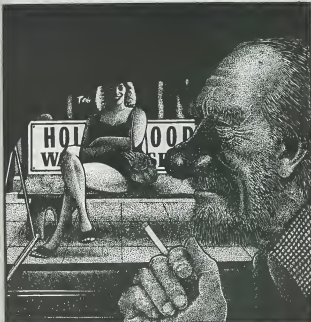
THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE... ONE CANNOT BEGIN TO FATHOM WHAT MAKES THIS EXTRAORDINARILY COMPLEX MAN TICK.



END

# SOLITARY BLUES

AT HOLLYWOOD AND FAIRFAX HE PARKED, ONLY TO CATCH THE MELANCHOLY AROMA OF QUIFF.



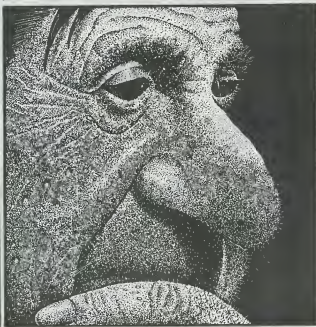
ONCE DOUBLE BILLED WITH THE LIKES OF GLORIA DEHAVEN, HE WAS REDUCED TO ONE NIGHTERS IN DES MOINES.



HIS DEJECTION HAVING TAKEN A DEADENING TURN FOR THE WORSE, RESULTED IN NIGHTLY VISITS TO THE CORNER DIVE.



AGE SIXTY AND STILL NO FAME. HE SAT IN HIS DARKENED BEDROOM . . . WAITING FOR IT.

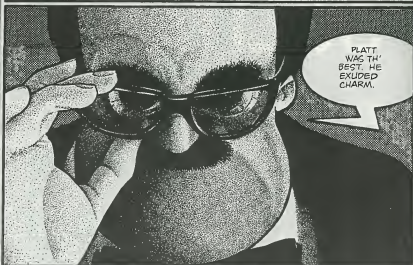


# STAR DISSECTIONS

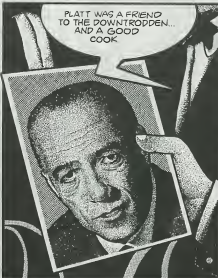
## THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE ON THE MERITS OF ED PLATT

©1984

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE HAS HIS SAY ON THE MATTER OF ED PLATT



HIS VIEWS, LONG REVERED, MAKE FOR MAJESTIC FRONT PAGE COPY.



LATER, THE LORD'S L'AMOUR WITH THE CONTESSA REACHES AN EMOTIONAL PEAK.



IN SUMMATION, THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE IS ALWAYS CORRECT



END



# The Day Chet Huntley Died

THE SHOCKING NEWS SWEEPS THE NATION...

CHET HUNTLEY DEAD?!  
BUT...WHO WILL DO  
THE NEWS ON  
THE TV.?

WE CAN  
ONLY PRAY  
EGG



A FARMER IN OHIO IS STUNNED...



TWO OLD MEN IN DES MOINES ARE SAD...



NBC EXECUTIVES MEET TO DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF BRINKLEY...



WHO WILL  
DO THE  
NEWS?

WHAT?

DOES DAVID  
NEED A NEW  
PARTNER?

HUH?

WHATS JOE  
BESSER  
DOING?

HIS WIFE  
HAS BEEN  
SICK.

WHA?

CHET'S SISTER EDNA AND BROTHER-IN-LAW ARE  
INTERVIEWED...



CERTAINLY IM UPSET  
CHET DIED...HE WAS  
A WONDERFUL MAN.  
HE WASN'T CRUDE...  
HE WOULD FISH WITH  
ED SOMETIMES

SOMETIMES  
CHET WOULD  
FISH WITH  
ME

CHET'S PARENTS, VACATIONING IN JAMAICA, KNOW NOTHING OF THE NEWS...



WE'RE HAVIN'  
SOME KINDA  
FUN.

BUT, ALAS, LIFE MUST GO ON. AS NAUSEATING AS  
IT CAN GET SOMETIMES.



DONT TAKE  
TOO MUCH  
OFF TH' TOP...  
'KAY LOUIE?

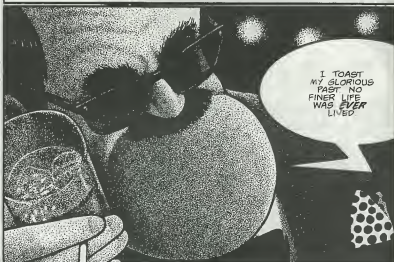
END

# HOLLYWOOD HELL

## THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE HIS LIFE AND TIMES

© 1985

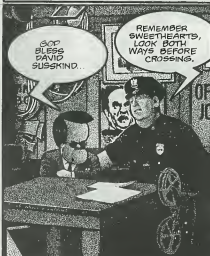
THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE PAUSES TO REFLECT ON HIS FANTASTIC LIFE AND TIMES.



1962: LATE MORNING TAPING AS GUEST WITH OFFICER JOE BOLTON.

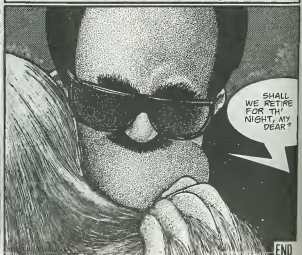
EARLY AFTERNOON INTERRELATIONSHIP AT THE ST. MORITZ HOTEL.

LATE AFTERNOON TAPING OF DAVID SUSSKIND'S OPEN END



BY EARLY EVENING, THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE IS IN VEGAS, READY TO RUN WITH THE RAT PACK.

IT WAS A FABULOUS DAY, LIKE ANY DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE.



END

# ALL THIS AND FRANK SINATRA, JR., TOO

©1983

MURDER...



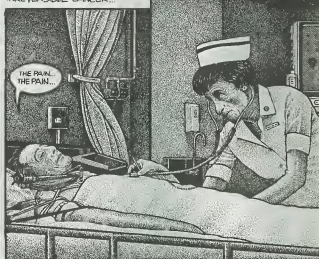
DEGRADATION...



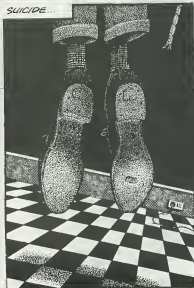
DISASTER...



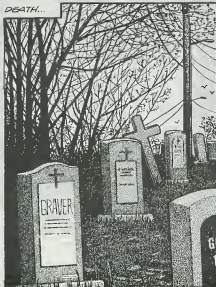
IRREVERSIBLE CANCER...



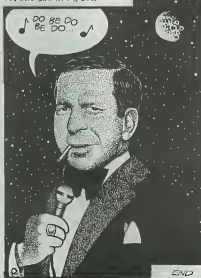
SUICIDE...



DEATH...



FRANK SINATRA, JR.



END

**They Need Your Design.**  
Your Dollars will clothe starving refugees in Bonjour, Jordeche, and Sasoon.

[illegible]

## JEAN THE GOOKS

[illegible]Wall 10: **Relief.**

**Foster Jeans**  
7 Fashion Square  
New York, New York

Gay sponsors accepted

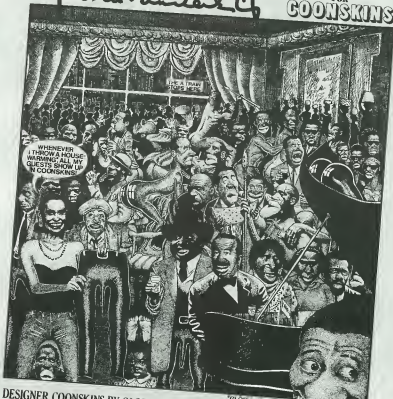
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**NOW SIDE SHOW FREAKS CAN  
BE FASHIONABLE, TOO!**



WHETHER YOU'RE A GENUINE SIDE SHOW FREAK... OR JUST LOOK LIKE ONE... DESIGNER JEANS FOR VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE. FROM SERGI WILMENDES. PRICED ACCORDING TO LIMB AND PROPORTION.

*Gloria Vanderbilt* FOR COONSKINS



DESIGNER COONSKINS BY GLORIA THE NEW AU NATUREL LOOK, REJECTED BY  
MANHATTAN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSES.  
\$18.95 WHEREVER CIVIL SUITS ARE ABANDONED.  SUPPLIES TO THE

GLORIA AT HER NEW EAST SIDE RESIDENCE  
NATURAL

MANHATTAN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSES.  
\$18.95 WHEREVER CIVIL SUITS ARE ABANDONED.  SUPPLIERS TO THE CONGO OLYMPIC TEAM  
©1992

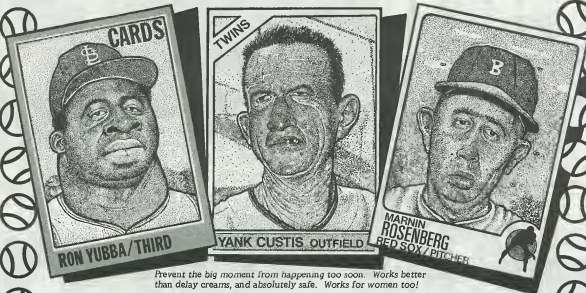
IC TEAM  
01980



# PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION WITH UGLY BASEBALL CARDS!

Guaranteed to work! Each set contains the 25 UGLIEST players from the season of your choice. Contains perennial disgustos like Yogi Berra, Hank Bauer, Walter Alston. Just flip through a set while making love, and WHAMMO! Down goes your pecker. You may not even come for a year afterward.

WE DARE YOU TO MASTURBATE OVER THESE FACES



Prevent the big moment from happening too soon. Works better than delay creams, and absolutely safe. Works for women too!

Here is a listing of the 25 UGLIEST faces from each respective season, most of them undesirable, unknown, unvaluable cards. Big, grimy heads of grown men in baseball caps, sweating in the sun! Embarrassing poses! Self-conscious expressions! Check one, check all! Wad of chewed bubble gum included.

<input type="checkbox"/> 1952 season .....\$15	<input type="checkbox"/> 1958 season .....\$12	<input type="checkbox"/> 1964 season .....\$ 9	<input type="checkbox"/> 1970 season .....\$ 6
<input type="checkbox"/> 1953 season .....\$15	<input type="checkbox"/> 1959 season .....\$12	<input type="checkbox"/> 1965 season .....\$ 9	<input type="checkbox"/> 1971 season .....\$ 6
<input type="checkbox"/> 1954 season .....\$14	<input type="checkbox"/> 1960 season .....\$11	<input type="checkbox"/> 1966 season .....\$ 8	<input type="checkbox"/> 1972 season .....\$ 5
<input type="checkbox"/> 1955 season .....\$14	<input type="checkbox"/> 1961 season .....\$11	<input type="checkbox"/> 1967 season .....\$ 8	<input type="checkbox"/> 1973 season .....\$ 5
<input type="checkbox"/> 1956 season .....\$13	<input type="checkbox"/> 1962 season .....\$10	<input type="checkbox"/> 1968 season .....\$ 7	<input type="checkbox"/> 1974-present .....\$4.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 1957 season .....\$13	<input type="checkbox"/> 1963 season .....\$10	<input type="checkbox"/> 1969 season .....\$ 7	

Take it from the Ol' Perfeccer:

DEY SURE DON'T  
PICK EM FOR  
DARE LOOKS!



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Selected from Tops® Series



Send check or money order to:

FRIEDMAN BROS.  
77 ABNER DOUBLEDAY LANE  
COOPERSTOWN, U.S.A.

Order now and receive as free bonus: *The Illustrated Face History of Elevator Men & Doormen*, with over 2000 mug shots of New York City Doormen. Suitable for masturbation.

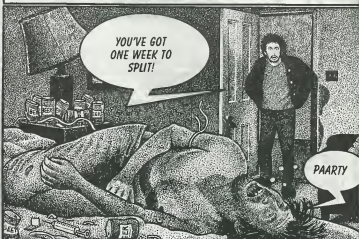
©1981

# MARNIN AND MORGAN

## A Romance the Media Missed

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

MARNIN ROSENBERG, UNEMPLOYED JOE SIXPACK FROM GREAT NECK, COULDN'T HACK HIS ROOMMATE. THE GUY HAD BECOME A JUNKIE THERE WAS NO TELLING WHEN MARNIN MIGHT RETURN TO HIS SCHENCK AVENUE APARTMENT AND SMELL A CORPSE.



AN AD WAS PLACED IN THE LOCAL "PENNYSAVER."

MORGAN FRIMCHILD, A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO THE GREAT NECK "PENNYSAVER," JUST HAPPENED ACROSS MARNIN'S AD.

SHE PROMPTLY FLEW TO LONG ISLAND TO GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY.

MORGAN, FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY-FREE, RAN INTO MARNIN'S ROOM EVERY AFTERNOON TO ROUSE HIM AWAKE WITH A BRIGHT, SUNSHINY SMILE.

Extra Rm. Nr. Railroad. Parking lot view. No pissing on toilet seat, \$125

HMMM ...

GREAT NECK PENNY SAVER



LIFE WITH MARNIN PROVIDED BLESSED RELIEF FROM THE RIGORS OF MODELING, THE EMOTIONAL DRAIN OF HOLLYWOOD.

HIS ECDOTERIC CULTURAL INTERESTS ENRaptured THEM IN A SHANGHAI-LA OF NOSTALGIC WONDER—SUCH AS "BEHIND THE MENACE" BEERINS BEAMED IN FROM BALTIMORE ON MARNIN'S SHORTWAVE ANTENNA AT 4 A.M., RELIGIOUSLY FOLLOWED BY "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER."



SOMETIMES I LIKE TO GET IN THE CAR AND DRIVE UP PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY, WITH OLD ROLLING STONES TAPES PLAYING, SINGING ALONG AND ACTING LIKE AN IDIOT!

A black and white illustration of a man and a woman in bed. The man is sitting up, reading a book titled "SMILE HINDING AND THE 3 STOCKS" by "JIMMY HINDING". A speech bubble from the woman says "I'M MELTING."

I PUT OUR RELATIONSHIP AHEAD OF STAYING IN HOLLYWOOD AND GOING TO DINNER WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE

CAN'T YOU AT LEAST SAY THEM TO RE-RUN "MR ED"?

83



## THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE'S EUROPEAN VACATION

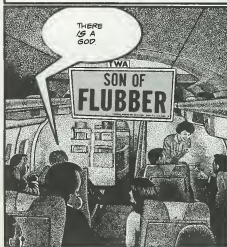
THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE DESIRES A EUROPEAN VACATION.



HIS WISH IS HIS TRAVEL AGENT'S COMMAND. HE'S OFF TO A MAGNIFICENT HOLIDAY ABROAD.



SURE ENOUGH, THE SCHEDULED IN-FLIGHT FEATURE IS FRED MACMURRAY'S LATEST.



FIRST STOP FRANCE. THE LORD CATCHES UP WITH HIS OLD FRIENDS AT LA ROTONDE.



IN GERMANY THE LORD RENEWS OLD FRIENDSHIPS WITH HIS WORLD WAR II ACQUAINTANCES.



WHEN IN GREECE, HE GETS CAUGHT UP IN THE PICTURESCUE BEAUTY OF POSEIDON'S TEMPLE ATOP CAPE SUNION.



YET IT'S ON THE SWISS ALPS THAT THE LORD GETS TRULY REFLECTIVE.



END





# GLOSSARY

## SELECTED CAST OF CHARACTERS — FOR THE UNINITIATED

**Bendix, William** (1906–1964): Beefy actor, often played a lovable lout—as in *Life of Riley* on radio and tube, or *The Babe Ruth Story* on film.

**Besser, Joe:** Chubby and *sixty-esque* vaudeville/radio/TV star, beloved as Stinky, the child-man brat on *The Abbott and Costello Show*. Later venerated as Shemp's replacement for the last 46 Three Stooges shorts.

**Blassie, Fred:** Pro wrestling's self-proclaimed "King of Men."

**Cantor, Eddie** (1893–1964): Musical comedy great throughout Broadway's boom years, and later Hollywood talkies; born on the Lower East Side.

**De Rita, Joe:** Sixth and final Stooge, who rode the crest of feature films and promotional tours after TV made the trio hot again in 1959.

**Fairchild, Morgan:** Contemporary TV "actress," model, and beauty authority.

**Fine, Larry** (1902–1975): Legendary Stooge in the middle.

**Frawley, William** (1887–1966): Thick-set, bald character actor who excelled at gruff, cigar-chewing types. Appeared in over 100 movies, but cherished in the role of Fred Mertz on *I Love Lucy*.

**Godfrey, Arthur** (1903–1983): Befreckled, ukulele-playing host of TV variety shows throughout 1950's, most notably *Talent Scouts*. Fired cast members on the air.

**Healy, Ted** (1896–1937): Vaudeville star; boyhood chum and original top banana over Three Stooges, who led them out to Hollywood.

**Henning, Paul:** Creator of the *country-meets-city* TV series: *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Green Acres* and *Petticoat Junction*.

**Huntley, Chet** (1911–1974): The more solemn half of the long-lived, solemn, *Huntley-Brinkley News Report*.

**Johnson, Tor** (1903–1971): Four-hundred pound Swedish character actor/wrestler who stanningly portrayed white-eyeballed zombies in '50s horror films. His mask (as Lobo character) is available at novelty shops everywhere. God, how we miss him.

**Laloo:** Turn-of-the-century Barnum sideshow freak from India, with living twin sibling-a-hungin' out of bod.

**Lord of Eltingville, The:** A slice of fiction.

**Platt, Ed** (1916–1974): Played "Chief" on *Get Smart*.

**Prince Randian:** "The Snake Man," an armless and legless wonder; appeared in sideshows for 45 years, beginning with P.T. Barnum in 1889.

**Robot Monster:** Some guy in a gorilla suit and deep-sea diving helmet, featured in the 1953 cinematic vehicle of the same name.

**Rosenberg, Marnin:** Childhood chum of Friedman Bros., and eligible bachelor, currently employed at carpet store in Queens.

**Stang, Arnold:** Nebbish character type; voice of "Topcat"; played Sparrow opposite Sinatra in *The Man With the Golden Arm*.

**Steele, George:** Slobbering, mongoloid wrestler; high school English professor during off season.

**Vampira:** Sultry, Finnish-born horror show hostess of late-night Los Angeles TV during 1950s. Had 17-inch waist; associated with James Dean.

**Vanderbilt, Gloria:** Heiress and creator of designer products, of great wealth and social register, whose building tried to ban Bobby Short's entry to her apartment during a 1980 party.

**Weaver, Doodles** (1914–1983): Early TV pioneer, best known for his improv kiddie comedy shows and stint with Spike Jones' City Slickers in early '50s.

**Wood Jr., Ed** (1924–1978): Low-budget '50s filmmaker and Hollywood transvestite, who, after his death, became acclaimed as the worst film director of all time.



Clockwise from upper left: Tor Johnson, Robot Monster, Joe De Rita, William Frawley, Joe Besser, Ed Wood Jr., Larry Fine, and Doodles Weaver.



Bruce Jay Friedman and sons in 1965 (from left: Josh, Bruce, Kipp, Drew).

### DREW FRIEDMAN

Born in 1958 and raised in Long Island, he has appeared regularly in a wide variety of publications over the past five years—including *Heavy Metal*, *National Lampoon*, *Raw*, *Weirdo*, *High Times*, and *Screw*. In 1984 he illustrated the biography of 'Stooge' Larry Fine, by Larry's brother Morris. His goal in life is to reach old age without the inconvenience of broken legs.

### JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

Born in 1956, he has been guitar playing around, and writing in New York City for years. Articles and short stories have appeared in all the usual pubs—*Screw*, *High Times*, *Soho News*, *Out*, *National Lampoon*, *New York*, *Sluts & Slobs*, and *Penthouse*. His completed book, *Tales of Times Square*, which chronicles the area's 10 worst years, is being published by Delacorte Press in 1986.

"Wow-wee! Bro-ther! Boy-oh-boy! Holy Mack! Talk about your ever-loving NEAT tome! In only a few frames, the fabulous Friedman brothers have done what Aristophanes, Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley, Wm. S. Burroughs, Mel Brooks, Joe Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Woody Allen, Dad Friedman, and a certain yrs trly have devoted our entire mature body of oeuvre to (trying) (to do!) God bless these merry lads! And a vote of heavy-duty thanks to them from all of us here on planet Earth for their ultra-fab anthol, **PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD!**"

—TERRY SOUTHERN

"Particles of dust dancing in the vaudeville limelight of yesteryear; scripts rife with acid irony. Superb art and writing!!"

—S. CLAY WILSON

"This is eerily brilliant stuff. What seem to be non-sequiturs turn out to be bizarrely accurate insights into the essence of these *tumblers* and top bananas, most of whom went to Show Business Heaven before these Friedman guys were born. Pretty scary, certainly perverse, and oddly respectful. It's not off the wall, it's over the wall. Often I have the peculiar sensation that I'm imagining what I'm looking at—an exhilarating, if unsettling, feeling."

—DAVID NEWMAN

"I stand in awe of Drew Friedman's technique and the certain flavor of sad old America he captures. Friedman's an awesome talent. . . the Crumb of the '80s. I love this guy's stuff. . . he's such a wacko."

—R. CRUMB



Drew Friedman (left) and Josh Alan Friedman.





Any Similarity To Persons  
Living Or Dead Is Purely  
Coincidental  
(1985)

Scanned cover to  
cover from the original  
by jodyanimator.

What you are reading  
does not exist, except  
as electronic data.

Support the writers,  
artists, publishers and  
booksellers so they can  
provide you with more  
entertainment.

Buy an original!